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Selections.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

FRATERNITY LECTURE.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[The Lecture in the Fraternity Course, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7, was delivered in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., the announcement of whose name, and his subject, attracted the largest audience of the season. Every seat was occupied, the aisles filled, and the doorways packed by an eager crowd, who listened with the most intense interest to the words of the brilliant lecturer. Mr. Phillips's appearance upon the platform was the signal for spontaneous and hearty applause, which swelled and deepened into the wildest enthusiasm as the audience recognized, among those who accompanied him to the platform, the Governor elect of this Commonwealth, JOHN A. ANDREW, Esq. When the applause had in some degree subsided, a gentleman in the audience called out, "Three cheers for John A. Andrew," which were given with a will. We copy the Lecture as reported in *The Boston Atlas and Bee*, and since revised by the speaker.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If the telegraph speaks truth, for the first time in our history, the *slave* has chosen a President for the United States (cheers). We have passed the Rubicon, for Mr. Lincoln rules to-day as much as he will after the 4th of March. It is the moral effect of this victory, not anything which his Administration can or will probably do, that gives value to this success. Not an Abolitionist—hardly an anti-slavery man—Mr. Lincoln consents to represent an anti-slavery idea. A pawn on the political chess-board, his value is his position; with fair effort, we may soon change him for knight, bishop or queen, and sweep the board (applause). This position he owes to no merit of his own, but to lives that have roused the nation's conscience and deeds that have ploughed deep into its heart. Our childish eyes gazed with wonder at Maelzel's chess player, and the pulse almost stopped when, with pulling of wires and creaking wheels, he moved a pawn and said, "Check." Our wiser fathers saw a man in the box. There was great noise at Chicago—much pulling of wires and creaking of wheels—then forth steps Abraham Lincoln. But John Brown was behind the curtain, and the cannon of March 4th will only echo the rifles at Harper's Ferry. Last year we stood looking sadly at that gibbet against the Virginia sky. One turn of the kaleidoscope—it is Lincoln in the balcony of the Capitol, and a million of hearts beating welcome below (loud cheers).

Mr. Seward said in 1850, "You may slay the Wilmot Proviso in the Senate Chamber and bury it beneath the Capitol to-day; the dead corse, in complete steel, will haunt your legislative halls to-morrow." They slew the martyr chief on the banks of the Potomac; we buried his dust beneath the snows of North Elba; and the statesman Senator of New York wrote for his epitaph, "Justly hung," while party chiefs cried "Amen"; but one of those dead hands smote to ruin the Babylon which that Senator's ambition had builded, and the other lifts into the Capitol the President of 1861 (applause).

The battle has been a curious one, mixed and tossed in endless confusion. The combatants, in the chaos, caught up often the sword of their opponents, and dealt the deadliest blows at their own ranks.

The Democratic party, agitating fiercely to put down agitation, break at last into a general quarrel in their effort to keep the peace! (Laughter.) They remind one of that sleepy crier of a New Hampshire Court, who was ever dreaming, in his dog naps, that the voice of Judge or lawyer was a noisy interruption, and always woke shouting "Silence." Judge Livermore said once, "Mr. Crier, you are the noisiest man in Court, with your everlasting shout of 'Silence!'" (Laughter). The Abolitionists ought to be very sorry to lose Mr. Douglas from the national arena (applause).

But the Bell-Everett party have been the comfort of the canvass—the sweet oil—the safety valve—the locomotive buffer which, when collision threatened, broke the blow, and the storm exploded in a laugh (great merriment). They played Sancho Panza to Douglas's Don Quixote (renewed laughter). We can afford to thank them. It is but fair, however, to confess that they differ from that illustrious Spaniard. His chief anxiety was about his dinner—their distress rose higher than loaves and fishes—they trembled for our glorious Union! (Laughter.) The passions of men were all on fire—the volcano in full activity. They confessed they did not know what to do; but they determined not to do they knew not what. Their's was the stand-still policy—the cautious *statu quo* of the old law.

Now, Whately says there are two ways of being burned. The rash moth hurries into the flame and is gone. The cautious, conservative horse, when his stable is on fire, stands stock still, and is burnt up all the same. The Everett party chose the horse policy when their stable took fire (applause). Don't you hear the horse's address? "In this stall my father stood in 1789. Methinks I hear his farewell neigh. How *agitated* the crowds seem outside there! I'll have no platform but that my father had in '89"—and so he dies. Yet the noble animal risked only his own harm. His mistakes drag none else to ruin. Four millions of human beings beheld their fate hanging on this do-nothing, keep-silent, let-evil-alone party. Then their appeals to us to keep silent, to cease criticizing whips and slave auctions, hangings and burnings of men for free speech; their kindly assurances that if *we* would only be still, no harm would come—the whole trouble was our noise; they implored us not to cherish this dislike to these constitutional and necessary measures! Like the viper-peddler in Spain, who exhibited his stock to the inn guests all the evening, descanting on their life and vigor, and when at night, in the utter dark, one traveller felt something cold crawling on his face, cried out, "It is only my vipers; they are all loose; but if you'll only lie perfectly still and quiet, they won't hurt you the least" (applause).

But Republicanism has triumphed (loud applause). The Democrat may forget his quarrels and prepare to die with decency. For the Bell-Everett party, one egg has given a chicken. Mr. Appleton is elected. Ann street and Beacon street have fused (merriment). As his constituents could not be admitted to Mr. Appleton's house—there not being police enough to watch them (great merriment)—the speeches were made outside, and we get all the secrets. Mr. Stevenson thinks the election of Mr. Appleton the most "important that has taken place since the adoption of the Constitution." I observed, last summer, in the country, that the geese always bowed when they entered a barn, for fear of hitting their heads (laughter). Mr. Burlingame needs no praise of mine. He stood, like Hancock and Adams, the representative of an idea, and the city that rejected him disgraced only herself (applause). As the old English Judge said of a sentence he blushed to declare, "In this I seem to pronounce sentence, not on the prisoner, but on the law itself." It is Boston, not Burlingame, that has cause to blush to-day (cheers). I do not envy Mr. Appleton his seat. You remember Webster painted Washington leaning one great arm on Massachusetts and the other on South Carolina. Methinks I see our merchant prince entering Congress. One hand rests familiarly on the shoulder of Beacon street, the other on a cambric handkerchief, twice doubled, to save the possibility of his touching the shoulder of Ann street (laughter and applause). What is his first act when seated—he, the representative of the fag-ends of a half dozen parties, the broken meat of the political charity basket? He speaks the voice of Boston, the home of Sam Adams, in this glorious hour! What will it be? When Sherman is named for Speaker he says "No," while the heart of Boston says "Yes." And what is his second and last act? To gather round his table Davis and Mason—men who gloried in the blow which exiled Sumner from the Senate for four years, and made Christendom tremble for his life—men who come for his wine and not for his wit; and Boston, in his person, sinks to be their associate, no, their lackey. I affirm, he does not represent Boston (cheers). Look at its Lincoln vote! I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober—from Ann street cozened by old fogies to Ann street under guidance of her native instincts (loud applause). Mr. Appleton represents neither the merchants of Boston nor its grog shops, though his friends boast of having carried him by their aid. They are both too good for him.

But the Bell-Everett party cannot say with Francis I., at Pavia, when he addressed the first lady by position in the State, "Madam, we have lost all but honor," since the soreness of expected defeat led them to insult an invited guest, a lady, and that lady, like the mother of Francis, the first by position in the State (loud applause). Of the first Governor of Massachusetts (unless we count Endicott, and then call Winthrop our *second* Governor), the last historian writes: "The qualities that denote the gentleman were eminently his. Cordial and ready to every expression of respect and courtesy, he gave all their due, whether in great or little things." Good and bad qualities, they tell us, are inherited—pass down with the blood. To be sure, now and then they lie latent for one generation. Can ours be the generation of eclipse? It must be so, for surely the ignorance of good manners which offers an insult is trivial compared with the silence of those who know better than their lackeys, are as responsible for the act, and refuse acknowledgment or protest (applause).

Well, the battle is ended. What have we gained? Let us, ladies and gentlemen, who care nothing for men or for offices, whose only interest is justice and the great future of the republic, look round and weigh the spoils.

Everybody speculates, the pulpit affirms, the merchant guesses, and the oracular press lays down the law. Why should not the Lyceum be in the fashion? To begin, then, at home. For the first time within my memory, we have got a man for Governor of Massachusetts, a frank, true, whole-souled, honest MAN (cheering). That gain, alone, is worth all the labor. But the office is not the most important in the Commonwealth. Only now and then it becomes commanding; in a sad Burns week, for instance, when Mr. Washburn was masquerading as Governor, and when, as Emerson said, "if we had a man and not a cockade in the chair, something might be done"; or later, when the present Chief Magistrate pushed Judge Loring, on false pretences, from his stool. Such occasions remind us we have a Governor. But in common times the Chief-Justiceship is far more commanding—is the real Gibraltar of our State contests. John A. Andrew should have been Chief-Justice (applause). You remember they made the first William Pitt Earl of Chatham, and he went into eclipse in the House of Lords. Some one asked Chesterfield what had become of Pitt. "He has had a fall up stairs," was the answer. Gov. Andrew or Judge Andrew sounds equally well. But I like the right man in the right place. The Chief-Justiceship belongs to the party of progress. Their Sparta can point to many sons worthy of the place—Sewall, Hoar, Dana, or we might have offered another laurel for the brow of our great Senator, were it only to show him that the profession he once honored still remembers her truant son (great applause). The outgoing Administration which entailed that office on talents, however respectable, which belong to the party of resistance, placed itself beside Arnold selling West Point to the British. Such an appointment was the Parthian arrow of a traitor and a snob.

Then we have Lincoln for President (applause)—a Whig—a revolutionary Whig—a freedom-loving Whig—a Whig in the sense that Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington were Whigs. How much is that worth? I said we had passed the Rubicon. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon borne in the arms of a people trampled into poverty and chains by an oligarchy of slaveholders; but that oligarchy proved too strong even for Cæsar and his legions. Judged by its immediate success, Cæsar's life was a failure as much as John Brown's; the Empire rotted into the grave which slavery digs for all its victims. What better right have we to hope? Let us examine. The Republican party says now what Mr. Sumner said in 1852, that it "knows no better aim, under the Constitution, than to bring back the Government" to where it stood in 1789. That is done; the echo of cannon from ocean shore to the Rocky Mountains proclaims it accomplished.

How much is such success worth? I suppose you will not claim that Mr. Lincoln is any better than Washington. As only Abolition telescopes have dared to discover any spots on that sun, certainly, while Mr. Everett lives and *The Ledger* is printed, no one will presume to say there can be a better President than Washington. Indeed, Mr. Seward asks with supreme contempt of any man who undertakes to improve the Constitution, "Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?" Well, then, Washington, pursuing the very policy which Mr. Lincoln proposes to follow, launched the ship of State on seas white with the fervor of the revolutionary love of liberty, and made shipwreck. Every Administration grew worse than its predecessor, and at last slavery, having wound its slimy way to the top of the Capitol,

"Stands hissing at the nobler man below."

The whole argument of the canvass has been that the experiment of self-government under this Constitution, begun by the best of men, has been a failure. "The country is wrecked; take us for pilots or you are lost"—has been the cry of the Republicans. Mr. Sumner has drawn the sad picture so well and so often that I need not attempt it. Our Presidents tools of the Slave Power—our army used to force slavery on our own Territories and neighbor nations—free speech punished with death in one-half the Union and met with insult and starvation in the other—the slave trade reopened—and our most distinguished scholar telegraphing apologies when his son sits at school beside a colored boy, and explaining his own indiscreet freedom of speech as the sad result of anodynes (applause)—surely Mr. Seward, seeing all this, was right in confessing, at Rochester, in 1858, "Thus far, our course has not been according to the humane hopes and expectations of our fathers." And in 1860, "Not over the face of the whole world is there to be found one representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery." And again, in Kansas, a month ago: "Our fathers thought slavery would cease before now; but the people became demoralized; the war went back, *back*, BACK until 1854, until all guaranties of freedom in every part of the United States were abandoned * * and the flag of the United States was made the harbinger, not of Freedom, but of Human Bondage."

At Rochester, he went on to paint the picture of our national wreck so darkly that his own feelings lead him in conclusion to declare, that if the final battle goes against him, he will leave America, shake the dust off his feet, and find a "more congenial home—for where liberty dwells, there is my country."

But Mr. Seward closes that speech in hope—hope grounded on this, that the Republican party has arisen. "It is a party of one idea; an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals, as they are all equal before the Divine tribunal and laws."

That is his rainbow of hope. It is a noble idea—equality before the law—the mark which an old Greek declared two thousand years ago distinguished freedom from barbarism. Mark it, and let us question Mr. Lincoln about it.

Do you believe, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, that the negro is your political and social equal, or ought to be? Not a bit of it.

Do you think he should sit on juries? Never.

Do you think he should vote? Certainly not.

Should he be considered a citizen? I tell you, frankly, no.

Do you think that when the Declaration of Independence says "all men are created equal," it intends the political equality of blacks and whites? No, sir.

If this "idea that fills all generous minds" be equality, surely Mr. Lincoln's mind is as yet empty. If this is the only hope of our being able to achieve what our fathers failed to do—mount those Arab horses, Mr. Seward, and fly to the desert. But you can't fly with me, as the song goes; first, because, if we are defeated, I mean to die in the last ditch (applause); and, secondly, notwithstanding this emptiness of Mr. Lincoln's mind, I think we shall yet succeed in making this a decent land to live in (cheers). May I tell you why? Place yourselves at the door of the Chicago Convention. Do you see Mr. Lincoln? He believes a negro may walk where he wishes, eat what he earns, read what he can, and associate with any other who is exactly of the same shade of black he is. That is all he can grant. Well, on the other side is Mr. Seward. He believes the negro should sit on juries, vote, be eligible to office—that's all. So much, he thinks, he can grant without hurting the Union.

Now raise your eyes up! In the blue sky above you will see Mr. Garrison and John Brown! (Prolonged cheering.) They believe the negro has the same right to fight that a white man has—the same claim on us to fight for him; and as for the consequences to the Union, who cares? Liberty first and the Union afterwards is their motto (cheers). Liberty first, and, as the Scotch say, "Let them care who come behind!"

That Convention selected Lincoln for their standard-bearer. Enough gain for once. "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Dr. Winship began with a dumb-bell of ten pounds; after four years he used two hundred in each hand. The elephants, when crossing a river, send the smallest first. Don't mount those Arab steeds yet, Mr. Seward! "Wait a little longer." Who knows whether that *Liberator*, whose printing-office Mayor Otis could not find in 1835, may not be issued from the eastern room of the White House in 1873, and Mr. Seward himself, instead of saying that John Brown was "justly hung," may dare then to declaim, as Charles O'Conor does now, in the Supreme Court at Albany—

> "A man who knows that the law under which he lives violates the first principles of natural justice * * is bound to strive, by all honorable means, to break down and defeat that law. Among these honorable means is the right of armed resistance—the sacred right of revolution. * * * This is the higher law which sanctified the revolt of George Washington against the constituted authorities then existing in this country. * * * The laurel wreath of victory surrounds the name of Washington. Ill-success, defeat, overthrow and death, in an ignominious form, might have been his fate. Such was the fate of many who, in this respect, perhaps, were as pure and virtuous as he. We revere the name of Emmet; we revere the name of Wallace, * * of every virtuous man who has perished in unsuccessful attempts to achieve the independence of his country. * * *
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> "And, therefore, if negro slavery be a thing so unjust and so wicked as my friends and their associates esteem it, I must admit that we cannot consistently refuse the same tribute to the recent abolition martyr, John Brown. He fell! So have many illustrious champions of justice. He failed! So did Emmet, and so did Wallace. His means were inadequate! So were theirs: the event proved it. He struggled, indeed, for the liberty of a distant people, who were not his kinsmen, who were not of his color, who had few claims upon his sympathy, and none upon his affections. That may be an argument against him with those who think that heroism and virtue should never be disinterested; but it has no real weight.
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> "We have not been in the habit of withholding our meed of praise from Kosciusko, Pulaski, De Kalb, or Lafayette, all of whom fought, and two of whom perished, for us. We withheld not our tribute of admiration from Lafayette when, in his old age, he visited our country. No one asserted that he should have stayed at home instead of coming in aid of a remote and distant people, and imperilling his life for their emancipation. No! we received him as the people's guest, and the whole American nation, from one end of our Republic to the other, bowed down in heartfelt homage to his virtue.
>
> "How can my learned friends, with their avowed principles, withhold from John Brown the tribute of their admiration, or from his deeds the sanction of their approval?"

That is the opinion of Charles O'Conor, the head of the New York bar, the new-fledged orator of democracy, and the counsel for Viginia in the Lemmon case.

I expect to live to hear that sentence quoted in 1873, under the very dome of the Capitol, by some Senator anxious for a presidential nomination! (Applause.) Do you doubt it? Why, it is not impossible that Virginia herself, clothed and in her right mind, may yet beg of New York the dust of John Brown for some mausoleum at Richmond, as repentant Florence, robed in sackcloth, begged of Ravenna the dust of that outlawed Dante, whom a century before she ordered to be burned alive (great cheering). You think me a fanatic, perhaps? Well, I have been thought so once or twice before (laughter). May I tell you the reasons of the faith that is in me? It does not hang on President Lincoln or any other President. I think little of the direct influence of governments. I think, with Guizot, that "it is a gross delusion to believe in the sovereign power of political machinery." To hear some men talk of the government, you would suppose that Congress was the law of gravitation and kept the planets in their places. Mr. Webster sneered at the anti-slavery and kindred movements as "rub-a-dub agitations." Judge Story plumes himself on our government's abolishing the slave trade in 1808, as if in that it was not the servant of Clarkson and Wilberforce, Benezet and Woolman.

I never take up a paper full of Congress squabbles, reported as if sunrise depended upon them, without thinking of that idle English nobleman at Florence, whose brother, coming to him from London, happening to mention the House of Commons, he languidly asked, "Ah! is that going still?" (Great merriment). Did you ever see on Broadway—you may in Naples—a black figure grinding chocolate in the windows? He seems to turn the wheel, but, in truth, the wheel turns him (laughter). Now, such is the President of the United States. He seems to govern, he only reigns. As Lord Brougham said in a similar case—Lincoln is in *place*, Garrison in *power* (applause). "Rub-a-dub agitation" forsooth! as if Mr. Webster could have a Whig party or anything else in these reading days, without that agitation which calls into being and sustains the Press, which melts and moulds the popular will and heart. What would *The Tribune* be without the Anti-slavery movement? Let progressive men be mum and *The Tribune* would starve. The talk of politicians quieting agitation, and yet expecting progress, or even life, is like the present Shah of Persia (not one of whose subjects in fifty thousand can read, and not one in a hundred thousand can write), exclaiming, when Sir Gore Ousely told him of the large revenue from the British Post Office, "I'll have a Post-Office to-morrow" (loud applause). You might as well have jury trials in Timbuctoo (laughter). It is worse than making brick without straw; it is making brick without clay.

Observe, I do not depreciate statesmanship. It requires great ability to found States and Governments, but only very common talent to carry them on. It took Fulton and Watt to create the steam engine, but a very ordinary man can engineer a train from Boston to Albany.

Some critics sneer at old histories for recording only what government did. They should recollect how much, in old times, governments covered the whole field of human life—trade, letters, religion and industry. The annals of a dynasty were then, to a great extent, the history of the times. We call for different histories because the times have so much changed. At present it is not cabinets, but art, science, literature, opinion, fashion and trade that mould national character and purpose. These the London *Times* confessed, a dozen years ago, were infinitely more than statutes or parties. The late canvass was worth a dozen Lincolns. The agitation was yeomanly service to liberty. It educated the people. One such canvass makes amends for the cowardice of our scholars, and consoles us under the infliction of Harvard College (laughter and applause). Indeed, government is only a necessary evil, like other go-carts and crutches. Our need of it shows exactly how far we are still children. All governing overmuch kills the self-help and energy of the governed. Compare the last century with this, or the European with the Yankee. Every narrowing of the sphere of government proves growth in the people, and is the seed of further growth.

Civilization dwarfs political machinery. Without doubt, the age of Fox and Pitt was one in which the prejudices of Courts and the machinery of Cabinets had large sway. But how absurd to say even of Pitt and Fox that they shaped the fate of England! The inventions of Watt and Arkwright set free millions of men for the ranks of Wellington; the wealth they created clothed and fed those hosts; the trade they established necessitated the war, if it was at all or ever necessary. Berlin and Milan decrees would have smothered every man in England. The very goods they manufactured, shut out from the Continent, would have crowded the inhabitants off their little island. It was land monopoly that declared war with France, and trade fought the battle. Napoleon was struck down by no eloquence of the House of Commons, by no sword of Wellington. He was crushed and ground to powder in the steam-engines of James Watt.

Cobden and O'Connell, out of the House of Commons, were giants; in it, dwarfs. Sir Robert Peel, the cotton spinner, was as much a power as Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister. We went to stare at the Lord Chancellor, not for his seals and velvet bag, but because he was Harry Brougham of *The Edinburgh Review*. Rowland Hill and Adam Smith—Granville Sharpe and *Pilgrim's Progress*—the London *Times* and the Stock Exchange—outweigh a century of Cannings and Palmerstons, Gladstones, Liverpools, and Earls of Grey.

By the side of the New England Primer, Lyman Beecher and Benjamin Franklin, *The New York Tribune* and *Herald*, all our thirteen Presidents kick the beam. The pulpit and the steamboat are of infinitely more moment than the Constitution. The South owes the existence of slavery to-day to the cunning of a Connecticut Yankee, Eli Whitney; and Fulton did more to perpetuate the Union than a Senate Chamber of Websters. I will not say that Mr. Banks, at the head of the Illinois Railway, (if he ever gets there), will be a more influential man than while Governor of this State, but I will say that the founders and Presidents of our railways are a much more influential body than the Senate of the Union.

Still, though I think little of political machinery, I value the success of the Republican party; not so much as an instrument, but as a milestone. It shows how far we have got. Let me explain (laughter). You know geologists tell us that away back there, before Moses, (laughter), the earth hung a lurid mass of granite, hot, floating in thick carbonic acid gas for an atmosphere—poison—thick gas. Gradually the granite and choke-damp, as miners call it, united and made limestone; then more choke-damp was absorbed, and sandstone came; more still, and coal appeared. By this time the air had parted with all its poison, and was pure enough to breathe. Then came man! Just such has been our progress. Our government hung, a lurid, floating mass, in the poisonous atmosphere of *New York Observers* and *Heralds*, Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, pro-slavery pulpits, Union meetings, Calhouns, Everetts, Websters and Halletts, slave-hunters, Curtises. The chemical process began. They were partially absorbed. We had Whig parties, anti-Texas meetings and Free-Soil factions. The change went on, and finally we have a party that dares to say slavery is a sin—in *some* places! The air begins to grow almost pure enough to breathe (applause).

Scientific men think that electricity did much to hasten the coming of limestone and coal, and the disappearance of poison gas. In our case, too, electricity—by which I mean the Garrison party—(loud laughter and applause)—flashing through and through and all over the lazy heavens, quickened our change also. But the growth will be a great deal quicker in time to come (loud applause). One great evil of politics, one that almost outweighs the help it indirectly gives to education, is the chains it puts on able men. Those chains are much loosened now. Listen to Mr. Seward on the prairies. Notice how free and eloquent he has been since the Chicago Convention. And this change is not due to age. You know, I am apt to say, among other impertinent things, that you can always get the truth from an American statesman after he has turned seventy, or given up all hope of the Presidency (applause). I should like a law that one-third of our able men should be ineligible to that office, then every third man would tell us the truth. The last ten years of John Quincy Adams were the frankest of his life. In them he poured out before the people the treason and the indignation which formerly he had only written in his diary. And Josiah Quincy, the venerable, God bless him! has told us more truth since he was eighty than he ever did before (applause). They tell us that until this year they have not been able to survey Mount Washington; its iron centre warped the compass. Just so with our statesmen before they reach seventy, their survey of State is ever false. That great central magnet at Washington deranges all their instruments.

Let me take the speeches of Mr. Seward as an illustration of American statesmen. I take him because he is a live man, and a worthy sample (applause). I agree with the doctor's rule—*medicamenta non agunt in cadaver*—("dead men's bodies are no test of drugs"). But he is a fair test—a real live statesman; not one of those petty politicians who hang on agitation for what they can pick up, as I have seen birds in summer watch round a horse's feet for the insects his tread disturbs. No, he is a statesman.

In 1848, at Cleveland, Mr. Seward said: "We of New York are guilty of slavery still by withholding the right of suffrage from the race we have emancipated. You in Ohio are guilty in the same way by a system of black laws still more aristocratic and odious. * * It is written in the Constitution of the United States, *in violation of the Divine law*, that we shall surrender the fugitive slave who takes refuge at our firesides from his relentless pursuers."

Mark the confession; the Constitution he stands sworn to support *violates the Divine law*. Does he advise his hearers to obey it? Oh, no. He goes on: "Extend a cordial welcome to the fugitive who lays his weary limbs at your door, and defend him as you would your paternal gods." This is one of his methods of "an effective aggression on slavery." That sounds well. No twaddle about non-extension. No wonder Senator Mason summoned such a bloody fanatic before the Harper's Ferry Committee!

Well, in the Senate, in 1850, he declares that "the law of nature, written in the hearts and consciences of freemen, repudiates the fugitive slave cause;" that "we cannot be either true Christians or true freemen if we impose on another the chain that we defy all human power to fasten on ourselves;" and he "thinks it wrong to hold men in bondage, at any time, and under any circumstances." But yet, at the same time, having counselled Ohio to resist the slave clause, and denounced it as "a compact no Christian nation would ever make," he goes on to pledge himself to use only "constitutional and peaceful means" to resist slavery, all about the paternal gods to the contrary notwithstanding! You need not summon him, Mr. Mason! He won't do any harm! In 1860, just after Harper's Ferry, he tells the South, that if their sovereignty is assailed, within or without, no matter on what pretext, or who the foe, he will defend it as he would his own! You see, peaceful measures *against* slavery; guns and bayonets *for* it!

Do these words mean that? Oh, no! Go with me to Madison, in September, and stand before that beautiful capitol between the three lakes, and you will hear these same lips saying: "It has been by a simple rule of interpretation I have studied the Constitution of my country. That rule has been simply this: That by no word, no act, no combination into which I might enter, should any one human being of all the generations to which I belong, much less any class of human beings of any nation, race or kindred, be oppressed and kept down in the least degree in their efforts to rise to a higher state of liberty and happiness (applause). Amid all the glosses of the times, amid all the essays and discussions to which the Constitution of the United States has been subjected, this has been the simple, plain, broad light in which I have read every article and every section of that great instrument. Whenever it requires of me that this hand shall keep down the humblest of the human race, then I will lay down power, place, position, fame, everything, rather than adopt such a construction or such a rule (applause). If, therefore, in this land there are any who would rise, I say to them, in God's name, good speed! If there are in foreign lands people who would improve their condition by emigration, or if there be any here who would go abroad in search of happiness, in the improvement of their condition, or in their elevation toward a higher state of dignity and happiness, they have always had, and they always shall have, a cheering word and such efforts as I can consistently make in their behalf (applause)."

That is good! It sounds like Kossuth! Now, then, we understand him fully. He will never help a slaveholder, and believes all races equal. Not quite. Is he in favor of complete equality, social and all? Is the country as open to the black man as the white? Oh, no! In February last he declared that the man who said so libelled the Republican party. And at St. Paul, in September, he bade them remember this was the country of the white man! and lets them understand that the Republican party opposes *extension* of slavery only. In 1850, he declared "this violation of the Divine law," which he calls "the Constitution," this "compact which no Christian State would ever make," and no Christian man could ever obey—"the only just and equal government that ever existed! no other government ever could be so wise, just, free and equal!" And he affirms no time or change could ever produce one more beneficent! Last Friday, in New York, he said that whoever doubts that this Constitution (this "violation of the Divine law") will "last forever, has no faith in reason, no faith in justice, no faith in truth, no faith in virtue." If this be so, then "*violations* of the Divine law" seem about as eternal as the Divine law itself; and the Italian who prayed "Good Lord, good Devil," was a sensible man, and was only laying a very prudent and necessary anchor to the windward! (Laughter and applause).

At Washington, in February, he thought John Brown "was misguided and desperate," and "justly hung." He talks of "social horrors" and "disunion," and irons his face out to portentous length and sadness (laughter). But at Chicago, in September, John Brown, he says, "was the only one man (when the Missouri Compromise was repealed) who hoped against the prevailing demoralization, and cheered and sustained me (Mr. Seward) through it!" And at St. Paul, he snaps his fingers at disunion, and, amid shouts of derisive laughter, cries out "Who's afraid?"

They exhibited at the Crystal Palace, in 1851, a Damascus blade, so flexible that it could be placed in a sheath, coiled like a snake. Something like it seems Mr. Seward's conscience, only the blade boasted it could *bend*—Seward, after coiling in and out, insists on our believing he never bent a whit.

But hear him now, since the nomination at Chicago! See the lion toss his free limbs on the prairies! Standing in Kansas, with the spirit of John Brown hovering over him, his name written on every hill-top, hear the old Governor proclaim, "All men shall have the ballot or none; all men shall have the bullet or none." Crossing into Missouri, he says, the principle that every man should own the soil he tills, and the head and hands he works with, "is going through, it is bound to go through;" when a by-stander said, "Not here," he retorted, "Yes, *here*. As it has gone through eighteen States of the Union, it is bound to go through the other fifteen. It is bound to go through all of the thirty-three States of the Union, for the simple reason that it is going through the world" (prolonged applause).

That smacks of good old-fashioned John Brown and Garrison Abolition—not non-extension! I know Mr. Everett will deem such words very indiscreet (laughter). I know an old lady to whom a friend had given a nice silk umbrella. She had kept it standing in a corner twenty years, when one day her grandson seized it to go out. "You're not going to take that out in the wet," she exclaimed. "Never while I live!" That is just like Mr. Everett's free speech, always laid up in cotton! (Laughter and applause.)

They say, if you stand on the prairie, of an August night at full moon, you can hear the corn grow, so quick are nature's processes out there. Had you been by Governor Seward that day, you might have heard him grow (loud applause).

And as Seward grows, so grow millions of others, and thus the world moves. "The sword," says Victor Hugo, "is but a hideous flash in the darkness—Right is an eternal ray." Wait! Be patient! In 1760, what Boston rebel boys felt, James Otis spoke, George Washington achieved, and Everett praises to-day. The same routine will go on. What fanatics feel, Garrison prints, some future Seward will achieve; and at the safe distance of half a century, some courtly Everett will embalm in matchless panegyrics (cheers).

You see exactly what my hopes rest upon. Growth! The Republican party have undertaken a problem, the solution of which will force them on to our position. Not Mr. Seward's "Union and Liberty," which he stole and poisoned from Webster's "Liberty and Union." No; their motto will soon be, "Liberty first"—a long pause—then "Union afterwards" (applause and a solitary hiss).

In 1842, Lindley had finished the railway at Hamburg and was to open it, when the great fire broke out. The self-satisfied citizens called the Englishman to see how well their sixpenny squirts and old pails could put out the fire. But it raged on, till one-quarter of the city was in ruins. "Mynheer Lindley, what shall we do?" cried the frightened Senators of Hamburg. "Let me blow up a couple of streets," he answered. "Never, never, never." Another day of flames. "Mynheer Lindley, blow up the streets and welcome, only save us." "Too late," replied the engineer. "To do that, I must blow up the Senate House itself." They debated an hour, and then said, "Mynheer Lindley, save us in your own way." In one hour the Senate House was in ruins, and the fire ceased.

"Be quiet, Mr. Garrison," said 1830. "Don't you see our sixpenny Colonization Society and our old-fashioned pails of Church resolves, nicely copied and laid away in vestries; see how we'll put out this fire of slavery." But it burned on fiercer, fiercer. "What shall we do now?" asked startled Whiggery. "Keep the new States free—abolish slavery in the Districts—shut the doors against Texas." "Too much," said Whiggery; "we are busy now making Webster President, and proving that Mr. Everett never had an anti-slavery idea." But the flames rage on. Republicanism proposes to blow up a street or two. No, no, nothing but to blow up the Senate House will do; and soon frightened Hamburg will cry: "Mynheer Garrison, Mynheer Garrison, save us on your own terms" (loud applause).

You perceive my hope of freedom rests on these rocks: 1. mechanical progress. First, man walked, dug the earth with his hands, and ate what he could pick up; then he subdues the horse, invents the plough, and makes the water float him down stream; next come sails, windmills and water power; then sewing machines lift women out of torture; steam marries the continents, and the telegraph flashes news like sunlight over the globe. Every step made hands worth less and brains worth more; and that is the death of slavery. You can make apples grow one-half pippin and the other half russet. They say that the Romans could roast one half of a boar and boil the other side (laughter); but I am sure you cannot make a nation with one half steamboats, sewing machines, and Bibles, and the other half slaves (cheers). Then, another rock of my hope is these Presidential canvasses—the saturnalia of American life—when slaves like Seward are unchained from the Senate House, as of old in Rome, and let loose on the prairies to fling all manner of insult on their masters. He may veil it all hereafter in dignified explanations, but the prairies give back an hundred-fold for all seed dropped there (applause).

Then the ghost of John Brown makes Virginia quick to calculate the profit and loss of slavery. Beside this, honest men, few, but the salt of the times, and school-houses and pulpits, and now and then a stray Prince, who, looking down South, declines to venture among barbarous people, lest, unlike St. Paul's case, they show him very little kindness. So, with trade, arts, letters, conscience, fashion, now and then a college redeemed from Old Fogies, now and then a Saint, and now and then a Hero lent us by Heaven—we may come at last to be as wise as Napoleon, and believe "there is no power without justice"; we may grow to be as good Christians as Cicero, and hold that "baseness can never be expedient"; we may be as good Protestants as De Tocqueville, and declare that "whoever loves Freedom for anything but freedom's self, is made to be a slave."

It is indeed cheering to notice the general tone of speaking in this canvass—the much nobler tone of Mr. Seward, for instance, in speaking of the Union on the prairies, than it used to be. I recollect a striking picture he drew in 1850 of the value of the Union, and every line was *dollars!* "Amplitude of territory," increase of population, "fields, workshops, ships, mines, the plough, loom, anvil, canals, railways, steamboats" and the "navy"—all earthborn. Now he cries, whoever says trade is the cement of the Union, libels the idea of American civilization. That is good! (Applause.)

The saddest thing in the Union meetings of last year was the constant presence, in all of them, of the clink of coin—the whirr of spindles, the dust of trade. You would have imagined it was an insurrection of peddlers against honest men (laughter). Mr. Everett, at Faneuil Hall, when he sought for the value of the Union, could only bewail the loss of our "commercial intercourse," the certainty of "hostile tariffs," and danger to the "navy"! And this is literally all the merits of the Union that he catalogues! No; I do him injustice. He does ask, in trepidation, in case of disunion, "Where, oh, where will be the flag of the United States?" Well, I think the Historical Society better take it for their Museum (laughter and applause).

Mr. O'Conor, too, who gave the key-note to the New York meeting. The only argument he has for the Union is his assurance that if we dissolve there'll be no more "marble store fronts" on Broadway, and no brown-stone palaces in the Fifth Avenue! Believe me, this is literally all he named, except one which Mr. Everett must have been under an anodyne to have forgotten, but which, perhaps, is better on the whole for Mr. O'Conor, being an Irishman, to recollect—it is this: In case of dissolving, we shall no longer own the grave of Washington, which, Mr. Everett having paid for, the New York peddling orator thinks it hard to lose! And so it strikes me!

But I must confess those pictures of the mere industrial value of the Union made me profoundly sad. I look, as beneath the skilful pencil trait after trait leaps to a glowing life, and ask at last, Is this all? Where are the nobler elements of national purpose and life? Is this the whole fruit of ages of toil, sacrifice and thought—these cunning fingers, the overflowing lap, labor vocal on every hill-side, and commerce whitening every sea—all the dower of one haughty, overbearing race? The zeal of the Puritan, the faith of the Quaker—a century of colonial health, and then this large civilization, does it result only in a workshop—fops melted in baths and perfumes, and men grim with toil? Raze out, then, the Eagle from our banner, and paint instead Niagara used as a cotton mill!

Oh no! not such the picture my glad heart sees when I look forward. Once plant deep in the nation's heart the love of right, let there grow out of it the firm purpose of duty, and then from the higher plane of Christian manhood we can put aside on the right hand and the left these narrow, childish and mercenary considerations.

"Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore;"

but for us, the children of a purer civilization, the pioneers of a Christian future, it is for us to found a capitol whose corner-stone is Justice, and whose top-stone is Liberty; within the sacred precincts of whose Holy of Holies dwelleth One who is no respecter of persons, but hath made of one blood all nations of the earth to serve Him. Crowding to the shelter of its stately arches, I see old and young, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, native and foreign, Pagan, Christian and Jew, black and white, in one glad, harmonious, triumphant procession.

"Blest, and thrice blest, the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day;
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the sacred way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And 'round the suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."

[The splendid peroration of Mr. Phillips was heard in breathless silence by the great assembly, and when the orator took his seat, the gratification and delight of his hearers were testified by repeated and enthusiastic cheers. A shout then went up from all parts of the hall of "Andrew," "Andrew," and again were three cheers given for the Governor elect. The distinguished gentleman was evidently unwilling to speak, but at length, in response to the repeated calls, and to gratify what was plainly the ardent wish of all present, he came forward and said:]

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN A. ANDREW.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Three years ago, at the autumnal election of 1857, the Constitutional party of Liberty—the Republicans of Massachusetts—inaugurated Republicanism in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and in the person of Nathaniel P. Banks assumed the reins of power (loud cheers). The humble citizen whom your animated cheers have forced to the front of the platform so unwillingly to-night, will not be the first in the line of the Massachusetts Republican succession; he will only be the second in a dynasty of Massachusetts Governors, which I trust will be as immortal as the Commonwealth (applause); and he will be only too happy if he shall at length leave the chair of State, having performed his public duties with a fidelity, a brilliancy and a success equal to his immediate predecessor (applause). But in the autumnal election of 1860, the Constitutional party in America has elected a President, in the person of Abraham Lincoln (loud applause), who will, on his assumption of the reins of Federal power, inaugurate a new series of Republican Presidents, interrupted by a series of Presidents who have occupied the Capitol during the last twenty or thirty years, to whose names I will apply no adjective, to whose Administrations I will add no epithet. His Administration, I doubt not, will be successful, patriotic, brilliant, faithful and true; and I doubt not, friends and fellow-citizens, that he will see to it that the Republic shall receive no detriment during the years of his rule, and that the people of all the States will stand by him (applause).

The American Union of States, which signifies the wisdom of peace against the folly of war, will last, I believe, as long as the continent shall endure. The Confederation itself will one day extend from the torrid to the frigid zone, and be bounded only by the everlasting ice and the impenetrable heat on the North and the South, and on either side by the waves of the ocean (applause). It will be stronger than the rage of man, stronger than slavery, for it will guarantee, hereafter, as it now does, "a form of Republican government" to all the States of the Confederacy. By that guarantee of a Republican form of government, and Democratic institutions, to all the States of the Confederacy, it enables the people at last, in every State, to abolish every injustice; for injustice, in every form, which, in all society, is the temporary exception and not the eternal law, will disappear before the rising might of truth, and the growing intelligence of the people, in every State (applause). That, sirs, is my prophecy; and, in the language of one of your own Boston poets, when I contemplate the happy future—as I dream that it will be, and as I trust in God that it will be hereafter realized, I see our country,

"Like some tall tree, erect its lofty form,
Green in the sun, and blossom in the storm;
Long in its shade may children's children come,
And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home;
Long may it live, and every blast defy,
'Till Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky."

(Prolonged applause.)

THE EXODUS OF NEGROES FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE REFUGEES IN PHILADELPHIA.

From the Philadelphia Press.

WE alluded, some days ago, to the arrival in Philadelphia of a large number of free colored families from South Carolina. The inquiries of many readers as to these persons, and the curiosity of the great mass of citizens relative to their distresses, have induced us to state the causes which influenced their immigration and the character of the parties themselves. In 1822, it appears, further emancipation in South Carolina was forbidden. All slaveholders giving up the right of ownership thereafter were obliged to resign their "people" to the care of trustees, who vouched for their freedom, paid their personal taxes, and made legal disposition of their property. Any number of persons up to twelve might thus be guardians of the emancipated, and a tax receipt, in the free negro's possession, was evidence of his disenthralment. The panic in South Carolina, consequent upon the John Brown raid, the disunion of the Democracy, the election of Speaker Pennington, and the Chicago nominations, was marked in the month of August last by stringent legislative enactments against the free people of color. Virtually, they were to be made slaves. A single man must become their guardian; they were to be entered in the assessments as his *slaves*, and must carry about them certain copper badges, whereupon they were numbered. If found without a trustee, they were to be sold at the block; if failing to procure badges of servitude, to undergo a fine of twenty dollars; and if at any time destitute of them, to be fined or imprisoned. No security was thus afforded to the free man and woman. If their trustee were avaricious, he could sell them with impunity, and their property was liable to summary wanton seizure. They were regarded as slaves by the law, and their fears magnified the existing oppressions as initiatory to a series of outrages eventuating in their practical thraldom.

Despairing, then, of justice or mercy in the Palmetto State, those of them possessed of sufficient means to remove looked to the North as a refuge. Many were assisted by conscientious guardians, and we have the best authority for the statement that, up to November 1st, more than seven hundred and ninety persons departed from the port of Charleston alone. It took all the resources of some to reach New York. Of the number named, about one hundred and fifty made Philadelphia their destination, and others, who contemplated a more Northern home, have since removed to this city. We have visited about fifteen families of these, and the statements we have made are gathered exclusively from their testimonies.

Of the one hundred and fifty mentioned, two-thirds are tradespeople. The men are carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and masons; the females, mantua-makers, milliners, laundresses and nurses. We read a long list of certificates from white ladies of Charleston, stating that one of these was an "excellent and faithful nurse." One testimonial was addressed "To the ladies of the North," and certified that the bearer had attended her through a "long and dangerous sickness"—a fact which does not go far to show the gratitude of the recent Palmetto legislation.

Another party bore a certificate of his proficiency in plastering from a master mason of Charleston.

A handsome married woman, almost white, exhibited her "badge," or, as she facetiously termed it, her "putty goole watch." It was a diamond-shaped plate of copper, an inch square, bearing the inscription:

CHARLESTON,
1860.
Servant,
1,243.

This delicate piece of jewelry was punctured with a hole, and suspended thereby from a string. She had given $2 for it. Her husband had a similar one, labelled "Porter," for which he gave $4. The man and woman had been one day behindhand in "taking out" these badges, and they were fined $40 for being dilatory.

We asked the latter whether it was probable that others would leave South Carolina. She said that most of those possessing the means to emigrate had already done so. We know one of our colored residents who has sent, at various times, to these needy people of his race, $80 for passage money. Many of the refugees parted with their property at ruinous rates, and many have still some effects in Charleston. The latter class made revelations of their difficulties with timidity, fearful that their property would be jeopardized by undue complaint. We could see, however, that property considerations had little influence compared to dearer relations. Many of these ebony Evangelines have left in their Southern Arcadia relatives and friends for whose safety their fears are ceaseless. The mother of a yellow girl told us that her daughter had a "young feller in de Souf whose safety 'peared to weigh like on her mind," and as she said this, her son, a tall young man, with glossy locks, was observed to wear an anxious look, as if he, too, had lost somebody in Carolina. We were told that one of the refugees had left an aged mother in Charleston. The old lady, on being solicited to come away with the family, replied that she had passed a lifetime in "de Souf, and, please God, she wanted to die dar: nobody wanted to make a slave of de weakly ole 'oman."

The troubles of these ebony people will not be appreciated by the white masses. Parties incredulous of the sensitiveness of feeling existing among them should visit their humble boarding houses in this city. Many of them are almost white. Several purchased their own freedom some years ago. One woman was directed to leave the State by her trustee, who was fearful that at his death certain unprincipled members of his family would attempt to coerce her into absolute slavery. The refugees took passage in the New York steamers through white sponsors, who testified to their freedom. Most of these unfortunates are destitute of employment. Parties in need of domestics, etc., can be advised at this office of the whereabouts of such parties.

[The Rev. J. Theodore Holly has been deputed on a special mission, by the Haytien Bureau of Emigration at Boston, to the Free Colored Refugees from Charleston, S. C., now in Philadelphia, for the purpose of extending to them, in the name of the Haytien government, a free home in that Republic.]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DONATIONS.

IN accordance with our usual custom at this season we make an appeal to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the payment of pledges made during the year, or for any donations they may now be disposed to contribute to its funds. Letters may be addressed to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SOUTHERN THREATS OF SECESSION.

THE choice of Lincoln and Hamlin as President and Vice-President of the United States, by the electoral votes of nearly the whole North, has filled the unscrupulous advocates of slavery and the slave trade with uncontrollable indignation and rage. In the hope of once more conquering the North through her fears, they threatened beforehand that this result should be followed by a disruption of the Union and the establishment of a Southern slaveholding Confederacy. The menace, for the first time in the history of the country, proved (thanks to the augmented and augmenting power of the Anti-Slavery Movement) ineffectual; and now the Fire-eaters are compelled to choose between attempting to execute their threats, or seeming to do so, and openly confessing that they were only so much idle breath. There is a party at the South, no doubt, which really desires to bring about a dissolution of the Union. The nucleus of this party is in South Carolina, but it has influential supporters in the other seaboard cotton States. The leaders of this party are now taking advantage of the general indignation of the people of the South in view of the result of the recent election to precipitate their long meditated scheme. In South Carolina Georgia and Alabama, especially, the excitement amounts almost to a panic, and the Press in that section is constantly fanning the flame. The telegraphic wires quiver from day to day with prophecies of the terrible things that are to happen if the men elected to administer the government shall attempt to do it in accordance with their avowed and well-known principles.

The Legislature of South Carolina was convened on the 5th inst., by special proclamation, to choose Presidential Electors; the Oligarchy that rules that State not permitting the people, as in other States, to perform that function for themselves. The Governor, in his message, declared that the election of Lincoln would be a sufficient ground for withdrawing from the Union, and advised the Legislature, in that contingency, to take the steps necessary to effect a secession. The Legislature at once adopted this advice. Instead, however, of taking the responsibility of the proposed secession upon itself, it passed an act appointing a State Convention, to assemble in Columbia Dec. 17, the delegates to be chosen on the 22d inst., in the same manner as members of the Legislature. It was proposed to raise $1,000,000 to put the State in a condition of self-defence. The mention of so large a sum had a remarkable effect upon the nerves of the Chivalry, who appeared to realize that it might be difficult to get the money; and their apprehensions were aggravated by a hint from a representative of one of the country districts to the effect that the property which it was proposed especially to defend should be made to bear the burden of its own protection; in other words, that, since this secession business was gone into for the special benefit of slave property, slave property ought to be taxed to pay the expense of it. This proposition was deemed quite incendiary, and the bold member was required to eat his words. It was finally concluded to raise the sum of $400,000 by the issue of State stocks. A bill was proposed providing for the immediate enrolment of 10,000 volunteers. A resolution legalizing the suspension of specie payments by the banks of the State has been passed. Agents are to be sent to other States to secure their coöperation in the secession movement, if possible.

The excitement in South Carolina was increased by a public announcement, on the part of nearly all the Federal officers in Charleston, that they would never hold office under a Republican President. Judge Magrath, of the U. S. District Court, dismissed the Grand Jury on the first day of the term, and in doing so said:

> "In the political history of the United States an event has happened of ominous import to fifteen slaveholding States. The State of which we are citizens has been always understood to have deliberately fixed its purpose whenever that event should happen. Feeling an assurance of what will be the action of the State, I consider it my duty, without delay, to prepare to obey its wishes. That preparation is made by the resignation of the office I have held. For the last time I have, as a Judge of the United States, administered the laws of the United States within the limits of the State of South Carolina. While thus acting in obedience to a sense of duty, I cannot be indifferent to the emotions it must produce. That department of Government which, I believe, has best maintained its integrity and preserved its purity, has been suspended. So far as I am concerned, the Temple of Justice, raised under the Constitution of the United States, is now closed."

Messrs. Chestnut and Hammond, U. S. Senators, have resigned. The Legislature has appointed the 21st of November to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer!! At Columbia, on Tuesday evening, after the final adjournment of the Legislature, Mr. Keitt, being serenaded, made an exciting speech, urging prompt and decided action. He said that Mr. Buchanan was pledged to secession, and would be held to it. South Carolina should shatter the accursed Union. If she could not accomplish it otherwise, she would throw her arms around the pillars of the Constitution, and involve all the States in common ruin.

In *Georgia* the excitement is scarcely less intense. The Legislature being in session, the Governor sent in a message of the most belligerent character. On Monday a resolution was introduced declaring Georgia out of the Union; also a bill calling a Convention, in imitation of South Carolina. Senator Toombs has resigned his Senatorship, the resignation to take effect on the 4th of March, unless the State secedes before that time. A resolution was offered instructing the Senators and Representatives in Congress to resist the counting of the Electoral vote of those States which nullified the Fugitive Slave law. It was made the special order for the 20th. A retaliatory bill has been introduced, providing for a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all goods from States which have nullified the Fugitive Slave law, and exempting foreign goods from taxation. On Monday, Gov. Brown made a strong resistance speech, declaring the right of secession, and the duty of other States to sustain that right. He declared if the Federal troops attempted coercion, for every Georgian who fell in the conflict the heads of two Federal soldiers should atone for the outrage on State sovereignty.

Public meetings of a most exciting character have been held in Savannah, Augusta, Macon and other places, and addressed by men of influence. The concluding resolution of the Savannah meeting was in these words: "Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the only remedy for the election of Abraham Lincoln is immediate secession."

In *Alabama*, a Convention was provided for by the Legislature in February last, in case of a Republican triumph in the Presidential election. The time fixed for the Convention is "the Monday following said election." Gov. Moore, it is said, thinks this phrase refers not to the day of voting by the people, but of the balloting by the Electoral Colleges; but the Fire-eaters think this a wrong interpretation, and insist that the Convention should be called at once. The military of the State are said to be organizing. The city of Mobile will stand by the Union, but the cotton planters are hot for secession.

A despatch from Tallahassee, *Florida*, dated the 10th, says: "The clouds are lowering. There is a profound sensation among our people. The Legislature will undoubtedly call a Convention of the people to devise some plan of action."

In *Mississippi*, the Governor has issued a proclamation convening the State Legislature, "to consider the propriety and necessity of providing surer and better safeguards for the lives, liberties and property of Mississippi than the late election and past action of the Northern State governments promise."

It is possible that the seceders of South Carolina and one or two other cotton States may have the nerve to carry out their scheme. It is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but we fear that the obstacles in their path will be more than a match for their courage. They are cheered on by a portion of the Press in the other slave States, but we believe that Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, which are slave selling rather than slave buying States, will stand by the Union. The more wealthy and sagacious slaveholders know very well that the Union is the principal safeguard of slavery, and they will not relinquish it without a struggle. It is for their interest that the price of slaves should be kept at as high a figure as possible, and they know right well that the rehabilitation of the foreign slave trade, which is sure to follow the organization of a Southern Confederacy, would destroy their monopoly. The Mayor of Baltimore, in his inaugural address, said: "I am confident that I express the unanimous sentiment of the people of Baltimore—the largest of the Southern cities—when I say that the true policy of Maryland is to adhere to the Union," etc. The Lynchburg *Virginian* no doubt expresses the sentiment of a large portion of the South:

> "Poor little South Carolina, it seems, has resolved upon revolution. After making herself unhappy for years by her fiery, intractable disposition, and defiling herself with the idea that the Federal government—into which she entered with more alacrity than any other Southern State—is the most crushing despotism that ever existed; after disturbing the peace of the whole country by keeping it in a state of turmoil and uneasy apprehension, has at length determined to rid herself of the oppressive yoke.
>
> "We feel sorry for South Carolina, because we think that she has long been under the influence of a mania, and has at last wrought her own undoing. She will not be permitted to drag others after her; and, we trust, will be allowed to stand "solitary and alone" in her sovereign grandeur. We, therefore, hail this morning the new republic—if republic it is, where the people notoriously have less power than in any other State—of South Carolina. We hope that she will now be able to protect herself from Northern nigger stealers; but if not, she must call upon Exeter Hall for help.
>
> "But seriously—for it is a serious matter—we scarcely know what course it would be proper to pursue. If it were not for the precedent, we should say, let her go, and joy go with her. As it is, we are uncertain whether this would not still be the better course. Let her try the benefits of disunion and isolation for a while, and perhaps, as in the days of the Revolution, she may want a Rhode Island Yankee, and Virginia and Maryland troops, to keep her own tories from plundering and cutting the throats of her better citizens. Let all the benefits of the general government be withdrawn from South Carolina, and the Little Republic or Kingdom, as the case may be, resort to taxation to provide them, and she will soon be on her knees begging for re-admission."

A correspondent of the Baltimore *American* says:

> "The largest slaveholders in this State are at this moment the most conservative and Union men in it. This is a fact to which I challenge contradiction from any quarter. Nay more, it is true of South Carolina. I heard only a few days ago, from one of our most estimable and reliable democratic citizens, that one of the wealthiest, probably the wealthiest and largest slaveholder in South Carolina, who is able to equip and arm, at his own expense, several regiments of soldiers, was solicited by Mr. Rhett to give his support to the secession cause. His reply was this: 'Mr. Rhett, every one knows that I began life here a poor man. I made all my money in the Union, bought all my negroes in the Union, raised all my cotton in the Union, and I think the Union is good enough for me. I desire to live and die in the Union, and I shall exhort my children to do the same.' Mr. Rhett told this story himself to my informant. And such is the general sentiment of the largest slaveholders in the South."

We might fill whole columns with extracts from Southern papers similar to the above, and a still larger space with extracts expressing the deepest indignation in view of the election of Lincoln. The Northern papers which openly encouraged the South to bluster before the election now assume a very different tone, not daring to countenance disunion.

The merchants in this city engaged in the Southern trade are now menaced with bankruptcy in consequence of the panic created by themselves in the hope of carrying New York for the Fusion ticket. Their Southern customers find in the secession excitement an excuse for not paying their current obligations. Many Republican firms are suffering to some extent, but retribution is falling chiefly upon those who, one year ago, took advantage of the Harper's Ferry panic to monopolize, as far as possible, the custom of the South, to the exclusion of those who would not put their principles in the market along with their goods.

It is impossible to tell what may be the effect upon the people of the North of this disunion and monetary panic. We are not without serious apprehension that influences may be brought to bear successfully upon the present Congress to procure some new pledge of protection for the slave system, in order to appease the South. The following extract of a dispatch from Washington to *The Times* of this city shows what is passing in the minds of those who wish to maintain both slavery and the Union:

> "Several leading Virginians represent it to be the purpose of their State to become the mediator between the sections when South Carolina shall have accomplished secession. When secession shall be no longer a threat, but a fact, it is understood that South Carolina will send Commissioners to Washington to arrange the terms of separation, when Virginia will propose a basis of settlement on which the Confederacy may be renewed and continued. This basis will require that no one be elected President unless he receive a majority of both [each] sections of the Union, and that no law be passed except by a majority of the members representing both [each] sections—thus securing the approval of a majority of the whole people in each case. Virginia will propose this as fair to all, and offering full protection to North and South. If refused, then the whole South will reorganize on a new basis among themselves, leaving the other States to do likewise. This intended course of Virginia was discussed at the President's house to-day, and much speculation had as to the course of the Northern States."

That tens of thousands of the Southern people, deceived and misled by the Press of their own section and the atrocious falsehoods of the pro-slavery Press of the North, really think that the Republican party is an abolition party, and that Lincoln is, at heart, a disciple of John Brown, we have no doubt; but the leaders of opinion at the South know better. They know that the Republicans will go into power under a solemn pledge to execute the Fugitive Slave law, and to abide by all the "Compromises of the Constitution," after the example of Washington, Jefferson and Madison; and if they believed that the anti slavery sentiment of the North could be permanently kept within these limitations, they would care very little, comparatively, for the success of that party. But they understand that Republicanism is the offspring of the Anti-Slavery Agitation set on foot thirty years ago by Garrison, and they see looming up in the Northern sky the dark cloud of Abolition, rifted now and then with lightning-flashes that portend the doom of slavery. They see clearly that the peaceable reinauguration of the policy of the Fathers in relation to slavery will develope in the South a strong party opposed to slavery extension and favorable to gradual, if not immediate, emancipation. It is not invasion from the North, nor yet an insurrection of the slaves, that they so much fear, but the emancipation of Southern consciences from the terrorism that has so long prevailed—the inauguration of the anti-slavery movement among themselves. Hence they are not disposed to wait for Mr. Lincoln to enter the White House with his policy of conciliation and compromise, but are determined, if possible, to precipitate the cotton States into revolution. The following extract from a Richmond dispatch in *The Herald* reveals the policy of the Fire eaters:

> "It is difficult to imagine how secession can be avoided, and it cannot. All the contradictory letters that 'Old Abe' could write for a month would be of no avail in staying the progress of this movement. The South made his election the issue of disunion. His policy after entering upon the duties of his office was never once contemplated in determining the issue. His sentiments and opinions on the subject of slavery are matters of history, and held to be too deep-seated to be abandoned to expediency or repudiated at the hour of victory.
>
> "The South would not regard as sincere one word he may say in conflict with his matured and long-standing convictions. Any proclamation of policy by 'Old Abe,' therefore, will avail nothing. The crisis is come, and secession is inevitable. South Carolina and Georgia will precipitate the movement, and no time will be left for Lincoln to honeyfuggle his dear Southern subjects in embryo, a hair of whose heads he never intends to harm."

We might say much more, but space fails us. We shall have opportunity hereafter for a more deliberate presentation of our views. We annex a special despatch from Washington to *The Tribune*, to show how the matter is regarded there, and what course the President is likely to pursue:

> WASHINGTON, Nov. 13, 1860.
>
> The President does not propose issuing any proclamation concerning secession, as reported, because Congress will assemble before the meeting of the South Carolina Convention, when his opinions will be communicated in the Message. He avows himself, however, strongly against the whole scheme, and will enlarge considerably upon the Union, the integrity of which he declares it his intention to maintain by every Constitutional means, and with a full conviction that he will be denounced by his present friends at the South.
>
> There is no doubt that the movement in South Carolina has assumed unusual proportions, and includes many who have hitherto counselled against precipitate action. Letters were received to-day from some of the best and calmest men in the State, not identified with politics, who say the sentiment has penetrated all classes, and cannot be resisted with effect by those who deplore it, and foresee the calamities which must follow, no matter how the controversy may terminate now. The most potent element of safety in this excitement is to leave the issue to the Southern States which are opposed to secession, as at least twelve out of the fifteen are. There is already a strong disposition among them to insist on being represented and heard in any Convention professedly projected for the benefit of the South, especially as Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri have to bear the brunt of the contest, and suffer more in a day from the Underground Railroad than South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida have done in ten years.
>
> Mr. Buchanan complains bitterly of the treatment he is now receiving from the South, for which he has sacrificed himself and his Administration. And his Cabinet, including Messrs. Cobb and Thompson, both of whom are much subdued in temper, concur in this sentiment. In fact, the revolution has got beyond the control of the managers, who started it for political effect.
>
> No declaration from Mr. Lincoln would produce any effect at this time, while it would be misconstrued into a craven concession, that would demoralize his influence as President hereafter. Prominent Southern men, now here, gratuitously scout this suggestion, which never emanated from Mr. Lincoln or his friends, but originated in their own Northern organs, who slandered and belied him through the canvass, and provoked this excitement by their atrocious calumnies. *The Herald, Express, Journal of Commerce*, and the like, are more responsible for the present state of things, by their deliberate misrepresentations of Mr. Lincoln, than all the Southern papers. They raised the cry.

THE PHILADELPHIA JUNIORS.

THE Junior Anti-Slavery Society, of Philadelphia, have laid the friends of THE STANDARD and the cause under obligations which deserve acknowledgment. About a year ago, they resolved upon an expedient for promoting anti-slavery sentiments in Pennsylvania, which has since been carried into execution, and the results of which have proved altogether satisfactory. It was this: they subscribed for 300 copies of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and appointed a large committee to distribute them throughout the State. The committee districted the State and addressed a circular letter to postmasters and others, desiring to be furnished with the names of intelligent and liberal-minded citizens. This letter was duly responded to, and soon they had enough names with which to begin their work. To these they sent the paper, postage paid, for one month; in the meantime, procuring other names to which they sent it the month following. And so they have been going on, from month to month, till now they have reached the end of the year, with results, as we have already said, entirely satisfactory. The paper was generally well received, and there is ample evidence that it was extensively read. It has been the means of diffusing widely, and with effect, a proper knowledge of anti-slavery doctrines. Many letters have been received by the Society acknowledging gratefully their kindness, and speaking in high terms of the paper. A few of a contrary character have also been received, but this was to be expected. Pennsylvania, like other States, has its share of vulgarity, and it would be strange if, in a list of nearly four thousand names, there should not be found those of some who are strangers to the laws of decency and good breeding.

As a specimen letter of such as do *not* gratefully receive the paper, we give the following as among the last received:

> HARRISONVILLE, Fulton Co., Pa., Oct. 5, 1860.
>
> *Publishers of Anti Slavery Standard:*
>
> SIRS: I return to you, by to-day's mail, the traitorous sheet you had the impudence to send me. I would not have given myself this trouble concerning it, but have consigned it at once to the flames (its most suitable depository) had you not, in a circular which accompanied it, threatened to repeat the insult weekly for one month.
>
> Instead of sending you the names of honest citizens of this vicinity, and thereby subjecting them to insult such as you have offered me, I will send you the assurance that, if any of your traitorous Society should visit this neighborhood, and make yourselves known, you will be treated to a suitable coat of tar and feathers, free of charge, unless you conduct yourselves as honest citizens, who respect and obey the laws of their country.
>
> Yours, &c., S. D. S.

Who this "S. D. S." is, we cannot possibly say. On inquiry, we learn that the paper was sent to *Mr. S. D. Scott, Harrisonville, Fulton County, Pa.*; but to charge the person bearing that name with being the author of such a dirty piece of scurrility as this, might be doing an innocent man injustice. Harrisonville, though a highly respectable place (notwithstanding the implication of this letter to the contrary), is not a large place, and it will not be difficult to trace this effusion to its proper source. We commend the task to some of our friends there, trusting that when they find the author, they will not treat him as he would us, to "a coat of tar and feathers"; but that they will appeal to his better nature, and try to make a decent man of him. The task may be difficult, but it will not be hopeless. The appeals of truth by faithful Abolitionists have done the business for harder cases even than this "S. D. S." "Patience, perseverance, and a little sweet oil," the old lady said, "would cure anything"; and, with proper limitations, we are inclined to accept the doctrine. At any rate, we all know that

> "While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The *vilest* sinner may return."

So there is hope for "S. D. S." We are compelled to take leave of him, but we commend his case to the kind consideration of our Harrisonville friends.

THE CHESTER COUNTY TIMES.—Mr. Capron, the editor of this paper, speaking of the Kennett Square Meeting and Robert Purvis, expresses himself as follows:

> "Robert Purvis made a speech which was characterized by unusual bitterness, even for him. The bad taste and worse policy, for himself, of dragging in the name of Washington, and loading it with epithets, is no new thing for him, but was never more pointed and offensive than on this occasion. One of the oldest and most uncompromising Abolitionists in this county, who was present, said to us: 'His language could not well be reported more offensive than it was uttered.'"

The gentleman here spoken of as "one of the oldest and most uncompromising Abolitionists" is well known; and being referred to, stated distinctly, that in the interview alluded to between him and Mr. Capron, he used no language that would justly warrant the sweeping and injurious statement of the above paragraph. "The precise words," says he, "which I used, I don't recollect; but I am very certain that I said nothing that could, by the remotest implication, be construed to mean that Purvis's language to *me* could 'scarcely be more offensive.' If I used the word at all, it was only in reference to those who were offended; and not that I myself took particular exception to either the language, or tone, or temper of our friend Robert Purvis, whom I so greatly admire and esteem."

Now, we submit that while a certain degree of anxiety to escape the odium of abolitionism is pardonable on the part of our Republican friends, especially in election times, it is going a little too far to join in the hue and cry of the thousand against one, as in the case before us. It was natural for the Reporter of *The Press*, when pushed to the wall for the falsity of his representations, to fortify himself by the testimony of *The Times*, which in its turn proves as baseless as its own. Mr. Capron, we are sure, means no harm to our cause; but statements heedlessly made to the injury, as in this case, of one of its most devoted and useful advocates are not the likeliest means for its promotion.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

HENRY WARD BEECHER preached, last Sunday, two discourses on Public Affairs, as affected by the Presidential election. The general expectation that he would have something to say on this topic filled the church long before the hour appointed for the services to begin. Presuming that our readers, like "the rest of mankind," will be glad to learn something of what he said, we give a few extracts from the report of the evening discourse. In this discourse, Mr. Beecher spoke of the history of the country in relation to slavery and the teaching of God's Providence therein; of the Past and its Results, in their relation to the Future, and of the duties remaining to be performed by Christian men.

The landing of the Pilgrims gave the first dates of moral significance to this Continent. The fourth of July is world-renowned as another momentous point of time. But the *sixth of November*, 1860, will hereafter take rank with the landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence. They are all related. They are links in the chain of gold by which God is measuring time, and fixing the eras of moral development.

We have entered upon a new day. The wheel is turned completely around—it has made one entire revolution. It is fit that we should consider to-night the intrinsic and moral value of things done.

Despotisms wear themselves out, and all things based in the violation of justice must, sooner or later, perish, or else there is no Divine government in this world. The despotism of the plantation differs from others only in being bolder, more irresponsible, more entirely subject to temptations of avarice, lust and arbitrary power. Such a system carries with it inevitable weakness to all elements of good, and growth only in elements of evil. It wears out the land, demoralizes the conscience, corrupts the public morals, prevents increasing intelligence, and brings the whole society into the precincts of barbarism. Meanwhile, you shall find the family likeness preserved, and every argument, every plea, palliation and excuse for oppression made since the days of Nimrod and Pharaoh are reproduced for its defence in our land. You shall find as the defences of slavery, nothing but the old clothes of past despotisms. Sermons go masquerading in the servile [illegible] with which despotism was defended out of the Bible for a thousand years, and thus Spain, Austria and old Rome have opened their dead hands and given to modern politicians the very materials of defence which they employed, and tombs of 2,000 years old have been opened and ransacked, and the dead bodies brought out, and the filthy rags which encased them are torn off, and their veins have been opened and the virus taken therefrom, and the attempt made to innoculate the young arm of the new State. They lanced the bared arm. They put in the poison—but, *thank God!* it did not *take!* For a little time the place looked red—but the body resisted—health thrust it out!

The speaker then alluded to the Texas war, which sprang from the radical nature of slavery. Once put a bound upon slavery, and then her extinction was simply a question of time and not of fact, for the nature of slavery was such that it could only live as the nomadic Arab lived, by changing her pasture ground. Refuse to play nomad on the great Western territories, and her doom was sealed; to stand still was to die in her case. Mr. Beecher referred to the war with Mexico, and the acquisition of territory by a species of justice, not legitimate for justice, but legitimate from the nature of slavery. She could not help herself, for the dragon lay coiled in Southern dens, and the fairest things must be given to feed its maw. It was but a step to the abolition of the Missouri Compromise, the debaucheries of Kansas, and the recent Dred Scott decision; these, and other bolts already forged, were ready to be launched against liberty just as soon as success had given them another lease of four years' influence and authority in the government. All these things proceeded from the same central source. The manacle was already on the wrist of liberty, the lock was put on, the key was fitted, the hand was stretched forth to turn the key, when God launched the omnipotent bolt and dashed shackle, lock, key and hand to the ground, and that was the last time the shackle would be put on. In all this aggression and wrong in behalf of a system of the most unmitigated iniquity, there had been a constant outcry on the part of slavery that they had been abused and wronged. Having stolen the government, having perverted every line and instrument of revolutionary memory, having grossly travestied the whole testimony of our fathers—having turned the stem toward the stern, and put the ship end for end—having, with step after step, taken advantage of temporary authority for the purpose of augmenting, deepening and fortifying the institution of slavery, they stood crying, and weeping, and declaring that they were victims of a constant persecution. He thanked God that the long period of oppression and wrong had come to an end. He thought the last westward step was taken; they (the South) would never get nearer to sundown than they were now; the last inch of territory to be corrupted had been filched; the robber circle was completed, and the robber career was ended. You and I, said he, are born and are permitted to stand spectators of such a day and of such a glorious result as that.

The beginning of *this* great work was in *the call of a few humble men.* It was not the Legislatures or States; it was not Courts or Assemblies; it was not any part of organized society—all these had too much else to take care of to be able to risk anything on *unpopular justice.* God spake to a few unknown men. These were the truest martyrs this age has seen. Many of them are now dead, or rather they have burst the bonds of this world, and now *truly live*; they glimmered here—there they blaze. But a few of them are still with us, and it is a pleasant magnanimity to speak well of those from whom, in so many essential points, we differ. I wish, to-night, to raise my voice in testimony to the faithfulness of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, one of the noblest, wisest and most efficient instruments that God has employed, although he has been the scourge of the ministry and of the Church. Much as I lament his spirit and his blindness, there never was a more stalwart and heroic man, in any age, standing up to speak against wickedness. By and by, when you and I have gone down by that horizon and look back, there will be none of us that will stand so high a star as WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON; not on account of the infelicities of his disposition, but on account of his Christian opposition to slavery. There were with him a few others—not a long list. At that time I could have read the names of all the anti-slavery men without interrupting much the course of my sermon. A rabid, foaming mad dog would be considered a mild circumstance in comparison with an Abolitionist. And those who dared to avow themselves such had to bid farewell to popularity—almost to thrift, and certainly to all advancement of honor.

The beginnings of this strife were inauspicious of success—full of tumult, rage and violence, for they were the first outbreakings of a disease. The malaria of the West often will completely fill the system of a man who gets acclimated to it, without bringing on while there any chills or fever. It lies dormant till he returns to the bracing air of the eastern sea board which develops it in its intensity. Just so slavery had been gradually imbuing the minds of all the North with its foulness, but it was unknown till the stimulating efforts of healthy, justice-loving men roused it from its sleep. It is even already incredible with what venom and intensity of hatred the first anti-slavery efforts were opposed.

Almost every organization of society set itself against the new movement. The family, the school, the college, the Caucus, Parties, Legislatures, Churches, Consistories, Presbyteries, Synods and Assemblies, Boards of Publication and Boards of Missions, bankers and brokers, jobbers and shippers, makers and vendors—all cried out against it. What chance of success was there? But it lived. How many times did Assemblies kill it? How many hundred times did resolutions squelch it? How often did they triumphantly place their foot upon it, and (suiting the action to the word) raising it to see the dead body—it was not there! It was like Herod after the infant Christ again. He succeeded in killing a few babes, but Christ lived and grew to the stature of a *man.*

Suppose, twenty years ago, I had preached this sermon—which side would you have stood of then? What a vast journey you have travelled! You smile to *think* of it now—yet, then, how different! Never was the invincible might of weakness more illustriously exemplified. The power, over all resistance, of a *moral principle steadily pressed*, cannot be destroyed. The policy in regard to tariffs may go one way or another; questions of banks or economics may turn indifferently—but a question of absolute truth, purity, is mightier than the whole world. The orb of time becomes its shield—it fights and conquers. *Right* is a host, there can be no doubt or question of its triumph.

Some men say: "Oh, these *talking* men, let's see them *do* something." But free speech is God's safety-valve for the world. When people are not allowed to speak, revolutions and wars burst forth. When the safety-valve is wide open, and the steam is screaming and roaring away, there is no danger. But when the safety-valve is shut, and there is no escape for the pent-up forces except through the rivet-holes and seams of the old boiler, then *stand off!* By the same token I am glad to hear of so much *talking* in South Carolina (laughter). The safety-valve is open—let the steam blow off and we need not fear the bursting. Barking dogs don't bite—dumb ones do.

Free speech is not only *safe*, but also *powerful.* Weak in its beginning, God has by it made this whole nation to rise in its might. That which ruled is brought down, that which was oppressed is being brought up. If you are in a cause, first see if it is grounded on God Almighty, then *talk* it. Don't let any one muzzle you. There is no risk in it, it is perfectly safe, and God gives a mighty power.

The speaker went on to speak of the relations of the anti-slavery struggle to the future. He regarded this era as the termination of a gigantic movement in the direction of evil; they had averted war and bloodshed, for ten years ago he should have said that this controversy could not be settled except by a fraternal war, because right and wrong could have no affiance; there could be no coöperative union between the essential spirit of justice and injustice. Historically they were brought together, but it was only an outward compact. The elements of slavery and liberty warred with each other, and one or the other must be in the ascendency. The day of conflict had passed away, and there would be no further occasion for fear and dread, for every day they would grow stronger, for whenever a right principle got authority and political control in the country, it was blessed to the conviction and conversion of a great number of people. He supposed there never would be a year when so many conversions would be made to the liberty party as in the ensuing year. When a thing became respectable and powerful, and controlled revenues, honors and offices, from that moment there was a Pentecost (great laughter). If they counted that night the men that assuredly voted for the liberty ticket, the majority would be three times as great as it was by actual count. The men who voted and fought against the liberty party were very anxious to have it known that they sympathized with that party, and that spirit did not stop north of Mason and Dixon's line. He believed the whole North would become more and more regenerated. The day was at hand when he expected to see large accessions of free States—not from our Western border, but from the Southern border. He believed the day would come when he could travel through Virginia in safety, and when old Missouri, that raised the hand of oppression to beat down the young and rising State of Kansas, would be new Missouri, with the devil cast out; she renewed and in her right mind, and sitting at the feet of liberty Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. He hailed their advent. He could not say, as yet, they were converted, but he thought they were convicted, and he looked every day to see the work of conversion completed, and they applicants for membership in the great Church of liberty. Did they suppose that they had seen the whole force and power of liberty in this land? The destiny of this nation, when all its evils would be removed, when freedom would swell every vein, when the whole power of this government would be the exponent of the spirit of justice, equity and liberty, who could measure her future glory?

The third portion of the discourse gave forth his ideas of the

"Duties incumbent upon Christians at this time."

1. *We must deepen the channels of principle.* Because it has become a political power at which we rejoice; though, on just that account, are we in danger of lowering the standard of principle to aid party convenience. [This he deprecated in the strongest manner, pointing out the inevitable destruction which awaited any party or sect which went in for expediency at the sacrifice of principle.]

2. We must not now go to sleep. There is work to be done. This is but the beginning, after all. We must fill all means of education and every organization of society with the *love of liberty.*

3. We must have courage to meet all the *consequences of victory.* Of course we shall hear threats, and find some real difficulties and dangers, but after such a battle of thirty years we may be expected to stand up under all the perils of victory! If not, shame on us!

4. *Firmness.* Should we attempt the prudence of wavering and good-natured compliance, we would certainly have a relapse, and the whole work would have to be begun again.

5. *Conciliation, but not compromise.* We gain nothing by the suppression of our real convictions—softening down of truth; a servile and beseeching way of speaking it will never thrive. It provokes, in the end, more than any other way. We are more than ever to honor *Liberty.* We must find it in God's Word, in the Constitution, in the history of the people, and in our institutions. We must hold up our head for Liberty, and nowhere else so much as in this money-ridden metropolis.

6. *Sympathy* we must have, and an enlarged patriotism which takes in the whole of our country. We must show by our conduct that we are, and *always were*, truer friends of the South than their cowardly, two-faced allies.

7. *As to disunion*, secession and all those fantasies—there is nothing in them. I have been dealing with realities, and these things don't belong here. This talking about secession is like the talking of a patient who would wish to cut off his head in order to get rid of the ills of life. Mr. B. illustrated the secession of the South by picturing a steamboat on the North River, tugging away with half a dozen heavy-laden barges in her rear—as many canal boats at her side, and a heavy raft far away to stern, and the threatenings of said slow boats to cut the rope that kept them to the tug, what would be the condition relative of the tugged and tuggees? Just such would be the positions relative of the North and the South, after the secession of the latter. We *hope* they won't cut the rope; but really they mustn't try to scare us about it. We have a little of Bunker Hill left in us, and if it was impossible to scare us in the days of the Revolution, with *real* war and trouble, how can they with manifestations expect to do it? I say these things in the spirit of love and good-nature. I hail the day which is now upon us. Oh! the contrast with this and the days gone by. Once we were united. North and South, all were animated by a common spirit of fraternal love—all things were done for the common good, and selfishness was unknown. Why not again? Why should we not take the initiative? I look for the day when the whole Atlantic slope will be represented in a harmonious council—when the Palmetto and the Pine will be entwined together, and all danger will be passed away, and we will rise together for Freedom; and a spectacle of glory such as belongs to no other period than the latter day glory, will be presented to the admiring, wondering world.

A LETTER FROM ROBERT PURVIS.

BYBERRY, Pa., Nov. 12, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for your remarks upon that most extraordinary card from Kennett Square, and I beg to add a few words to what you have already said.

I should like to ask how it comes that this William A. Chandler, and others who were so much shocked and outraged at what I said about the "sacred and venerated dead," did not rise on the spot and rebuke me? Why did they not call upon me either to justify or take back the offensive expressions? Why did they wait till I got 40 miles away, and then go into a Philadelphia newspaper to tell how their feelings had been harrowed up?

I understand, sir, that the signers of this card—men, boys and all—are Republicans. I will not believe, till compelled, that they fairly represent that party.

The Republicans of my acquaintance, I have reason to believe, are not devoid of magnanimity. It may suit the purpose of such men as the editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* to give currency to a vile and scurrilous misrepresentation, and then refuse to publish a disclaimer from the party injured; but I don't think that he, either, is a specimen of the party. If he is, and these signers are also, then Heaven preserve us from the Republican party!

But, Mr. Editor, from the large number of signers to that card, bearing a certain name, I infer that it was not what I said about Washington, but a remark I made about a "celebrated traveller," who has his home in that neighborhood, that gave the chief offence. As this remark was objected to by some of my personal friends, allow me, if you please, a word of explanation.

I am so organized that a man who insults the race with which I am identified insults me; and when any one born and nursed in an anti-slavery community suddenly emerges into popularity, and uses that popularity to depress still lower a race already in the dust—thus adding his own cheaply acquired weight to the burdens which they had before to bear—that man has forfeited all claim either to my respect or forbearance. I would not detract from any man's laurels, fairly won and bravely worn; but a public man, who writes public letters, must expect to be publicly criticized; and a man who, in times like these, gratuitously speaks against the colored race, deserves himself to be spoken against.

I am sorry if, in my remarks, I wounded the feelings of private friends and family connections, as it appears from this card I have; but these have now had their revenge, and they are welcome to it. They have, in a volunteer card, followed me into the newspapers, and publicly and by name given me the lie, all to the infinite gratification of the true friends of slavery and the deadly enemies of the colored man. They show that when their celebrated relative joined in the proscriptive cry against the colored man, he was only obeying an instinct of his nature. Sir, it is in the blood.

Yours, for the cause of impartial and unproscriptive freedom,
ROBERT PURVIS.

COVENANTER TESTIMONY.

THE following resolutions, which were adopted by the New York Presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian (Old School Covenanter) Church, at its recent meeting in this city, were sent to us by the Rev. N. R. Johnston, of Topsham, Vermont, with a request that they might appear in our columns. They need no comment, speaking as they do in terms so plain that all can understand.

Resolved, That the foreign slave trade is to be deplored as a national crime and curse of enormous magnitude; and that its prevalence and alarming increase are the legitimate results of the sin of the nation in sanctioning and fostering slavery and the inter-State slave trade in the States and Territories of the Union.

Resolved, That against this traffic, as inhuman and most iniquitous, and as not only a burning reproach upon Christianity, but a mighty obstacle in the way of the progress of the gospel in Africa, all Christians and religious bodies should bear a decided and uncompromising testimony.

Therefore, Resolved, That we hereby express our unhesitating condemnation of the recent conduct of the Convention of the New York Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in refusing to express their condemnation of the foreign slave trade; and we regard this refusal on the part of such large and influential bodies as a lamentable evidence of the corrupting power of all compromise or complicity with slavery or slaveholders, as such, whether in Church or State.

WESTERN OPERATIONS.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, November 5, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MY stay in this State has been necessarily brief, but not without profit. And it has shown me, especially, how inadequate are our present means for the great work pressing to be done. East of the Hudson is a field needing all our reapers—what, then, shall be done for all lying east of the Mississippi? But Iowa and a whole empire are farther west still! And one needs the material power of a giant, joined to the zeal and faith of apostles and martyrs, to labor in these remote regions. Railroads are very scarce, and all roads, at some seasons of the year, are almost impassable. Means of conveyance, too, are not always of the most comfortable description. Twice, the past week, I have been compelled to the back of a horse; once on a rainy day, and facing a strong prairie wind.

At one time, had there been a daguerreotype artist at hand, I could have furnished a picture for any "Old Curiosity Shop" in Lynn or elsewhere.

There had been a most violent storm, and the roads were *macadamized* with a mixture like soft clay and melted grease. I had seven or eight miles to go, and no conveyance but a horse, with a boy to ride or trot behind, to take him back. You should have seen me to comprehend. I was mounted on a huge Mexican saddle, with wide wooden stirrups, with my glazed cap, and blue raglan, and a big blue hunter's blanket pinned over it, my carpet-bag hung to the horn of the saddle, and my satchel and writing desk in my hand, and a boy of twelve or fourteen puffing along behind. It was, however, solemnly settled between us, that he should ride a part of the time; either on behind me, or alone, I taking an *outside* passage, meantime. And thus we journeyed on. The wind was very high and chilly; and it soon became apparent that walking, even in the soft mud, would be necessary for me, to avoid almost perishing with cold.

Two or three miles on the way, we encountered a farmer just setting off to the same town where I was going, with his great wagon loaded with barrels of the new *Sorghum Syrup* (about which I have a story to tell your readers and Louisiana before long). With him I soon concluded a new contract, and discharged my boy and horse. The wagon and cargo were all very wet, so I helped myself to a large armful of straw from a neighboring stack, and made me a very comfortable *lair*, and thus completed the journey. Not, however, without a wetting, for it rained considerably a part of the way. Accidentally, I called on an excellent family by the way, and dined; and have the happiness of sending the name in this letter, as a subscriber to your paper. They are old soldiers in the warfare; and the lady told me she once went as conductor on the Underground Railroad, with a precious company, more than fifty miles.

My last meeting at West Liberty was rather *boysterously* inclined. Some pretty *old boys*, however, should be held responsible. I saw one of the rioters at a house after the meeting, and remonstrated with him on his conduct. He grew very angry, and at length seized a *bootjack* and commanded me to "shut up." This weapon was quite in keeping with the whole course of the argument on that side; for it had all the evening been with *boots* instead of brains—with heels instead of heads. Probably he would have proceeded to violence (for I did not notice his threats), had not the missile been immediately taken from him by persons present. All the better portion of the town, including several influential Democrats, who were at the meeting, united in condemning the outrage. It was mostly chargeable on members of the Churches; though I am sorry to say several Republicans, of whom better things should have been expected, were, in part, responsible.

Every possible allowance should be made in behalf of even the disturbers. It was the first course of Disunion lectures ever given, perhaps, in the State—certainly in this part of it. Then the Presidential election was only two days off, the holiest Sabbath ever observed by American politicians. Should my missionary labors extend here, a year from this time, my reception will, no doubt, be all I could desire. For the people generally are truly worthy, and far enough from the rudeness and incivility sometimes found in so new a town.

Pardon so long a story, and believe me, truly yours,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

PERSONAL.

James Redpath has in the press of Thayer & Eldridge, of Boston, a new volume, written at the request of the government of Hayti, entitled "A Guide to Hayti." It will contain a history of the island republic, a copy of its Constitution and emigration laws, accounts of its animal, vegetable and mineral productions, its soil, climate and religion.

MOSES F. ODELL, just elected to Congress in Brooklyn by the Democrats and Belleveretters, lately declared himself in favor of opening the foreign slave trade. He is a shouting revival Methodist (member of the Church *North*, mind!), and has been very prominent in Church affairs, Sunday Schools, etc. He says he wants the poor benighted Africans brought to this country to be civilized and Christianized under the beneficent influence of slavery.

We learn that Miss Sarah P. Remond has determined, by the advice of her friends in England, to extend the time of her remaining in England beyond her original purpose. After visiting many parts of the kingdom during the summer past, she has returned to London, and intends again entering the college for ladies.

She has repeatedly lectured upon American slavery, during her vacation season, in some cases addressing large audiences. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie was chairman of the meeting which she addressed, and himself, as one of the audience informs us, "made one of the most effective speeches I ever heard." At Miss Remond's meeting in Lancaster, the chair was occupied by John Bell, Esq., and an extended report of her remarks has appeared in *The Lancaster Guardian.* Rev. H. Solly, and several other gentlemen, also participated in the proceedings of the meeting, at which a permanent Anti-Slavery Committee was appointed.

Our readers will remember that Gerrit Smith was one of the noble men upon whom the champions and apologists of slavery heaped their slanders in connection with the affair at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Smith sued several members of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Vigilant Association of this city for libel, and thereby succeeded in extorting from three of them the following retraction:

> NEW YORK, October 25, 1860.
>
> GERRIT SMITH, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* About a year ago there was published over the names of thirty-one gentlemen, forming the Executive Committee of the New York Democratic Vigilant Association, an address which connected your name with a "Central Association" for violent purposes, and with the invasion which had occurred a few days before at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia.
>
> We are now convinced that there was no ground for such connection, and we therefore take this opportunity to make the correction and to express our regret for the error and for the wrong done to you.
>
> It seems proper that we should also say that the address in question was chiefly compiled from articles in the newspapers, and that, before its publication, we were assured that its statements were correct.
>
> Yours, very respectfully,
> WATTS SHERMAN,
> SAMUEL L. M. BARLOW,
> ROYAL PHELPS.

The Syracuse *Journal* states that Mr. Smith's suits against both committee and newspapers are ended; and that he has been able to pay his counsel liberally with the moneys which the committee cheerfully and handsomely furnished to this end.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.—The complexion of the few returns that we have seen of the votes for and against the removal of the restriction upon colored suffrage in this State leaves no room for doubt that the measure has been defeated by a very large majority. The Republicans have shown that theirs is not the party of equal rights, but the *white* man's party, and therefore not worthy to be trusted by the friends of freedom.

HIGGINSON'S SKETCH OF THEODORE PARKER.—The larger part of the fourth page is occupied by Thomas Wentworth Higginson's admirable sketch of the life and character of THEODORE PARKER. We could not resist the impulse to publish it for the gratification of such of our readers as are not likely to meet with it elsewhere.

THE SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, which fills the first page, will command the earnest attention of every reader. It speaks the very word that needed to be spoken at the present crisis, and with an eloquence that cannot fail to make a deep and salutary impression.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, October 9th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

THE Society of Friends are a small body in Ireland—I suppose their whole number would hardly be missed out of the body of Philadelphia Friends. They are probably not 3,000 all told, and of these fully a fourth reside in or near Dublin, and thereby hangs my tale. Dublin, you will naturally suppose, like all other cities, is largely recruited from the country; and the recruits, like other recruits, are generally young or very young men and women. Some of these, when they come up to town, are received into the families of their friends or relatives; but many, except so far as they come under the friendly tutelage of the Society, have neither relatives or friends; and others, not being strictly in membership, have no special claim upon the body; and the result is, that a large number have, until a few years past, been left very much at a loose end, without responsible guardianship, and exposed to all the temptations incident to the absence of social ties in "the tay-dhrinkinest, care-dhrivinest, play-goinest city in the world," as Dublin was long ago succinctly defined. A few years since, a reform commenced from within. A number of young men, including some from England (who have always been among the most energetic and persevering promoters of the movement), formed a Mutual Improvement Association, hired a room for their weekly meetings for discussion and the reading of essays, at which, after a time, visitors of both sexes were permitted to attend. In a short time this Society became so popular, its members so numerous, and the advantages resulting from it so evident, that it was joined and warmly supported by many of the elder Friends in Dublin. One of these, a gentleman of great ability, intelligence, benevolence and affluence, was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the "Institute of the Society of Friends." The upper part of a large and commodious house in the centre of the city was rented, a large and well-selected library was purchased, a newsroom provided, a room was set apart for silent study and amply furnished with books of reference, and arrangements made for the suitable accommodation of the Mutual Improvement Society, which was, after some time, incorporated by a treaty of alliance with the Institute. These two bodies, working harmoniously together, have been productive of great social, moral and intellectual advantages to the class of young people whom it was specially intended to benefit, as well as to those of more advanced age who have been permitted to take part in their proceedings. The Institute offers, for a very moderate annual subscription, a comfortable, respectable and improving place of resort during the evening hours throughout the year to those young men who have no social circle of their own. And the weekly meetings of the Mutual Improvement Society, which are held during the winter months, from November to April inclusive, are eagerly looked forward to by the members and their friends as delightful occasions of intellectual enjoyment; when essays, often of a high order of excellence, are read, and their subjects discussed with such impartiality, courtesy and good humor as could not be readily surpassed. The range of the themes is very wide—poetry, history, antiquities, science and the useful arts, have all been brought into requisition, and have often been treated with remarkable industry and ability. It is obvious that such institutions as these must be of incalculable benefit to the class for whom they were more especially designed, and that they must greatly elevate the moral and intellectual tone of all who take an interest in them. There are many such societies in connection with Friends in England; but none, of which I have heard, that have been formed on a plan so liberal and comprehensive as that of Dublin. The library has been selected with judgment and liberality—but all novels, except "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are excluded as far as possible. A few are inevitably sifted in by means of such periodicals as *Chambers's Journal*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and other serials which can't be kept out (they look so innocent), and which are largely dependent for their existence upon this easily read, highly seasoned and too delightful species of literature.

For many years the opening of the Annual Session of the Mutual Improvement Society has been inaugurated by a large social meeting (commencing with tea and cakes, followed by an opening address from the President or some other high official, and ending with fruit and cooling drinks), which has always been well attended and has given great satisfaction. This year we had a "Conversazione" of a somewhat novel character. About five miles from the city lives a wealthy merchant, a patron and member of the Institute, who has a passionate love for gardening, and has gratified his taste for the rarer species of foreign plants and flowers by erecting in the neighborhood of his residence several stately and spacious crystal palaces for their accommodation. He very handsomely placed his conservatory at the disposal of the Committee, and gave his own assistance to light it up brilliantly with candles and spirit lamps, and furnish it with seats for the accommodation of many hundreds of the members and their friends, with troops of their wives, sisters and daughters, who made up a beautiful array. A very able and interesting address was read by one of the Vice-Presidents, a fine young man with a handsome black beard, who spoke feelingly and well of the benefits of the institution and of the advantages it afforded for mental and moral culture. This was followed by some remarks to the same effect by the President and some other members, and the whole was concluded by adjourning to another of the stately temples of Flora, where was laid out, with much taste and elegance, a supper consisting of cakes, jellies, blanc-manges, pies, sandwiches and other light articles of refreshment suitable to the place and the occasion. A large proportion of these were the free gift of some of the wealthier members of the Institute. In the whole affair there was such a happy mingling of unostentatious liberality, of joyous youth, cheerfulness and good humor—such troops of girls with blooming pleasant faces, and of fine, intelligent young men, that it was joy to the heart and a feast to eyes to behold them. I enjoyed them all thoroughly, but my most delightful sensations throughout the evening were derived from a talk with an old school-fellow who had just returned from spending a part of his vacation in Northern Italy. He had visited Lombardy in former years, when Austria was in the ascendant, so that he had this time enjoyed all the luxury of the contrast. He described the change in such terms as if that rich and lovely land had shaken off a hideous nightmare. Where ladies and young men were rarely seen, the streets of Milan are now thronged with them, as if they had sprung from the ground—lightsome, joyous and exultant. On a former visit he had only seen one newspaper in some place frequented by Englishmen. Now, wherever a group of two or three was assembled, you saw newspapers in their hands. Wherever you went were to be seen portraits of Garibaldi. Garibaldi here—Garibaldi there—Garibaldi everywhere—the glory of Italy—the idol of the hour. May his shadow never be less! Contemplating this grand attitude of Italy, as she appears at this present time, how we long that nothing may happen to mar the moral dignity of the spectacle!

Among the amusing sights in Milan was a little boy, prone on the "side-walk," and furnished with two pieces of chalk, one white and one red, with which he rapidly portrayed the likeness of Garibaldi in his red shirt, amidst a storm of rapturous applause and of halfpence or cents, or some such solid tokens of approbation from the passers-by.

Talking of Italy, I have not for a long time read a poem which seemed to me so full of the true poetic fervor as those noble stanzas on "The Forced Recruit at Solferino," by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which were published in the October number of *The Cornhill Magazine*. With some few blemishes, arising from a want of clearness and perfect finish in a line here and there, these lines are, in my judgment, among the grandest productions of this greatest of all the female poets of the present or any former age.

A few days since, in company with a young lady—one of that band of honorable women called the Massachusetts Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society—I paid a visit to an old friend in Ballytore, a pretty village, beautifully situated in the county of Kildare, about thirty-five miles from Dublin. The way lies for the most part through a level country, by no means remarkable for picturesque or rural beauty. My companion had all her eyes out for the brilliant green of our fields, which, for richness and splendor, in this respect, is, she declares, superior to anything she has seen out of Ireland. She was also charmed by the vast extent of pretty hedgerows, and by the cosy look of the straw-covered cabins in which the natives reside. I could do no less than keep a good look-out, also, that we might pass nothing which might be worthy of a stranger's notice. In fact, I had never so eagerly analyzed the route through which our journey lay, and I was myself surprised with the result—so much beauty, heretofore unnoticed, was revealed to the eyes of an eager observer. Beyond the level line of the railway, the country rises in green and, for the most part, fertile undulations, till in the distance it ascends to a height of upwards of 3,000 feet, into the brave and massy form of Lugnaquilla, the loftiest of the Wicklow mountains, with his less ambitious neighbors, Tonalagee, Cadeen, and Baltinglass Hill. I am no artist, but I thought I could trace, in the landscapes through which we passed, many combinations of scenic beauty amazingly like those which such men as Poussin and Claude have immortalized in their works. Ballytore is an ancient village, famous as the place where Edmund Burke received his education before he entered college. It is still the residence of the descendants of the family of Thackleton, to which he was so much attached from youth to age; and it was one of these that my American friend was about to visit. The village is unchanged from the antique, neat and simple air which charmed me in my school-boy days, which has won and kept the affections of so many others; and you may imagine how deeply interesting it was to an accomplished American, prepared by reading and cultivated tastes, to admire this charming and celebrated locality, where the houses have remained unaltered for ages, where people are still living in the homes of their grandfather's grandfather, and where I myself, in my earlier days, have known the friends and correspondents of some of the most illustrious of their generation—Burke, Crabbe, Scott and Edgeworth.

As well as I remember, my last letter was disfigured by woeful wailings about the weary, windy, wet and wintry weather which occupied that portion of the year which summer generally spends in this "cold and cloudy clime," and with fearful forebodings of the dearth and desolation which were likely to ensue. I am happy to assure you that I (with most of my neighbors) am likely to prove an indifferent prophet. Nothing can alter the fact that the sun generally rose and set in clouds, that the thermometer was uniformly in low spirits and the barometer in discredit; that the apples are without flavor, the peaches deplorable (I have seen middling sized ones at 36 cents apiece), and no blackberries on the hedges; that three-fourths of the potatoes have been destroyed, and that this year has done much to complete the discredit which the great famine year of 1846 brought upon them as a reliable crop. But, on the other hand, I am told that so great a breadth of wheat was sown that, though the produce is small in proportion to the extent, it is actually large; whilst the oats are so fine and in such quantity that from henceforth nobody who is not easily moved and foolishly credulous need feel any bowels of compassion for the farmers, when they commence their annual groanings. I have heard, now that the weather has taken up and that for this last few weeks we have had a most propitious harvest season, a curious ground for mutual congratulations. The harvest having come fully a month later than usual, and people having shuffled along through the month with such supplies as remained on hand from last year, it is suggested that we have now only eleven months to provide for, tolerably independent of you and all other foreigners. Absolute independence in this respect is happily impossible—and so best—for thus the bonds that bind the nations together are kept firmly compacted, despite the faults and follies of their rulers.

R. D. WEBB.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XXIII.

PARIS, October 18, 1860.

Two great events are being achieved in Europe: first, the formation of a great Italian kingdom; the second, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. Many difficulties are still in the way of the Italians, but they can be said to be very near the point to which they aim—the consolidation and union of all parts of Italy. Their greatest dangers are not where they think they are; not in Gaëta or Venetia, but in their alliance with French despotism. Piedmont is already under very great obligations to Bonaparte. France has advanced her much money and war ammunition, and so given her much more than Piedmont can repay for a long time to come. Then, Cavour has promised his ally, in order to get the Roman States and the Neapolitan kingdom annexed, not this time a province, but an Italian army. By a new treaty, he has engaged himself to take the part of France, in case France should have a new war, or should declare war herself against Germany. Victor Emanuel is to be for a long time first lieutenant of Bonaparte; if the Italians want Venice, the French Emperor wants the Rhine, and they will act in concert. The Italian army will be but the right wing of the French army; but what would happen to Italy if France should be repelled by Europe, defeated, and unable to help her ally in Italy? This possibility the Italians don't even admit one instant; and when they do, they believe that, after all, the ancient state of things could no more be reëstablished in Italy, and that they have much to gain, and not much to lose, in uniting their destinies with those of the French Emperor. This solidarity, established between the fate of Italy and the fate of the French despot, has naturally cooled the sympathies of the French for the Italians; for, as a proverb says, each donkey feels the burden in the place where it hurts him. Austrian intervention and domination is very hateful to the Italians; so is the Bonapartist despotism to all the people who think in France. So much adulation is bestowed in the Italian papers on Bonaparte, that the French liberals are rather disgusted with the Italian liberalism. As for the Catholics, they do really think that the Emperor is a very Antichrist, and, in truth, his policy with Rome shows a depth of duplicity which has seldom been equalled. There never was a protection so dangerous as the protection which the Pope receives in Rome, and an open enmity would be less to be feared than that respectful alliance which covers a perpetual treason, and masks its designs with the most pressing assurance. Before the Piedmontese troops had invaded the Roman States, the French ambassador had sent word to the French Consul at Ancona that the French government would not permit the invasion. Lamoricière believed it, had the despatch put on all the walls, and heard of the Piedmontese invasion before he could have taken any measures against it. The French papers are now representing that the ambassador did not give the slightest hurt to the truth, and that the French government, by recalling its ambassador from Turin, sufficiently showed that it did not approve and permit the invasion of the Papal States. There is a perpetual divorce between facts and declarations, between the open diplomacy and the underground diplomacy. Cavour invades the Roman States to protect them against Garibaldi, and what he calls the Revolution; the thing done, he opens his arms to Garibaldi. The French Emperor promised many times that he would defend the temporal power of the Pope. When he began the war, he said, in his proclamation to the French people, "We do not go into Italy in order to shake (ébranler) the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced on his throne." During the war, the Paris paper, the *Siècle*, received an advertisement, because it had attacked the temporal power of the Papacy, in which advertisement I find these words: "Respect and protection of the Papacy are a part of the Emperor's programme in Italy." On the 15th of October of last year, the Emperor told the Bishop of Bordeaux, in a public speech, that "his conviction was that the temporal power of the Pope was not contrary to the liberty and independence of Italy." The 3d of December, last year, the paper called *Opinion Nationale* received an advertisement for an attack against the temporal power of the Pope. The same month, on the 31st of December, Bonaparte, in a letter addressed to the Pope, asked him to sacrifice his revolted provinces, and offered him, for the remaining ones (which have now been invaded), his guaranty and the guaranty of Europe. Now, a large French army is in Rome, and surrounding the Pope with bayonets, and countenancing the invasion of Piedmont and the complete overthrow of the temporal power. For it is self-evident that the simple possession of the city of Rome, without any other territory but the desert of the Campagna Romana, may be called the end of the temporal power. All Protestants, all free thinkers, must be satisfied with this result; but it cannot be denied that it has been obtained by means which common honesty reproves. What will become of the Pope? What will be the end of this great power, which has ruled the Catholic world for so many centuries? These questions have just been examined, with great power of thought, by M. Renan, our best writer on religious subjects.

Garibaldi is still the great hero among us. Even the people who oppose his ideas and plans cannot help admiring his disinterestedness, his courage, and his high feeling of honor. It is very curious to see how the papers of the government treat him—sometimes abusing him and sometimes praising him, as is most suitable for the purposes of the day. When he first invaded Italy, he was but a miserable adventurer; he was compared to your Walker. When he succeeded in taking Sicily and Naples, he became a great man. When, afterwards, he received Mazzini in Naples and experienced a defeat at Cajazza, he came down again in the opinion of these papers. When he abused Cavour, and said that he would never sell any part of the Italian territory, he was abused in the most outrageous style. Now, he calls into the Neapolitan States the King of Piedmont, and is half reconciled with Cavour, so he is a great man again. One of the writers of such a paper was complaining of the difficulty of his task to a friend, saying, "It is not easy work to satisfy the changing mind of the officials who give us the orders which we must follow. The artist Grandville once drew the head of a frog on one side of a sheet of paper, and the head of the Apollo of the Belvederè on the other, and, between the two, a series of intermediate heads, showing a gradual transition from one to the other. This is our business," said he; "only, after having made an Apollo from a frog, I must again make a frog from an Apollo, and eternally so, on all questions, without sufficient time to shade the intermediate heads." And such papers—for there are no others left—prepare public opinion, and may be said to make it; then the Emperor invokes public opinion in all his speeches, and stupid people in all countries say, How liberal he is; with all his despotism, he always appeals to public opinion! Yes, but to a public opinion of his own making—corrupted, stupefied, born in the darkness of despotism, and fed with the venom of lies; and under such circumstances, your English correspondent wonders that the moral standard of France is low, and that adulation should find such disgusting expression in the constituted bodies of the State, when addressing themselves to their master. There is nothing new in this adulation; it expressed itself in terms equally nauseous during the Crimean war, at the time when England was the Emperor's ally and cheered him in the streets of London. Despotism and adulation are correlative terms. Each despotism has its adulators; has not slavery hers? and slavery may be called the despot of the United States. Few, indeed, there are in all countries, even where freedom opens the intelligence of men—few are those who keep in their hearts a reverence for truth and justice, which can guard them against the powerful influence of majorities, the prestige of success, the temptations of interest. But this sad conviction ought not to weaken our hearts, for it needs but few men to change the face of the world, and the will of *one* mind will be felt, even where universal suffrage is used, when that one will serves a just cause, and when universal suffrage only sinks into universal servility.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, November 12, 1860.

ANOTHER step in advance—another anti-slavery victory. Look at the election of Lincoln in any light you please, it is certainly a defeat of the pro-slavery party, as the election of Mr. Pennington, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was, last winter. No matter what Mr. Lincoln's policy may be, it is a fact that the slaveholders raised heaven and earth to defeat him, that they have cried him down *an Abolitionist* all through the canvass, and yet were thoroughly beaten in the contest. The slaveholders were beaten in their attempt to force slavery upon Kansas, beaten again on the Speakership last winter, and now are driven from the field in the pitched battle of a Presidential election. Such continuous disaster must eventually tell upon the fortunes of the pro-slavery party, and prove the ruin of slavery itself.

I see that you are not expecting very much from the Lincoln Administration. You are doubtless in the right, for, with both branches of Congress against him, I do not see, if he were so disposed, how the new President could do anything. And if Congress were strongly Republican, I doubt if the slavery question would be mooted by President or Republican Congress in four years. But still the great contest, and the defeat of the pro-slavery democracy, will not be forgotten. And it is certainly something to rejoice over, that such scoundrels as Captain Rynders will no more fill the Federal offices—that Mr. Dallas, at the English Court, will give way to a man who dislikes slavery—and slaveholding Faulkner, at the French Court, will come home, and a friend of freedom will represent this country in France. Our Presidents, of late, have all been either slaveholders or the unblushing apologists of slavery. Now we are to have one who openly declares his belief that slavery is a sin against God and a wrong perpetrated upon man. This is a good long stride ahead, and the fuss and fury in South Carolina shows it. A slaveholder knows when a hard blow has hit him or his darling institution about as well as anybody else.

The feeling in Washington over the election was intense for a few days, but people are getting quiet again here, and even Jo. Lane himself says there will be no secession. The Democrats, in their rage, resorted to their usual weapons—violence and mob law, and made an attack upon *The Era* building. It was not from any connection of *The Era* with the building, but because the Republican Association rents the entire second floor for its "Wigwam." Years ago, the same building was for three days surrounded by a Washington mob, but by the address of Dr. Bailey it was saved from attack. This time, the eruption of pro-slavery and whiskey fanaticism lasted but half an hour, and in the morning the culprits were ashamed of themselves, especially as they found that the public sentiment would not support them.

The Southern clerks were somewhat furious for awhile, and some of them still vomit thunder, but the most of them begin to talk very favorably of the Union and Mr. Lincoln. Somebody has started the story that Mr. Lincoln will not turn out well-behaved Democrats from office; and more than one office-holder who, before the result of the election was known, applied some pretty harsh epithets to Mr. Lincoln, now cry him up as a sensible, conservative man, and they have no doubt they will like him! Poor infatuated men! in less than a twelvemonth they will curse his shadow, for by that time they will be on their way homeward.

The course of the Administration on the humbug secession question excites much speculation. The President professes to believe that there is danger of disunion, and I am not sure that he is insincere. Cobb and Thompson have scared the old public functionary within an inch of his life, and it is doubtful if he will be able to fulfil his promise to Bonner of *The Ledger*. That Mr. Buchanan secretly sympathizes with the Disunionists there can be no doubt. But he is afraid to let it be known, and he shudders at the thought of meeting the indignation of the Northern people. So he will be obliged to uphold the laws, after a fashion, should South Carolina attempt to nullify them. The South won't wait for him to get his carcass out of the way. He daily beseeches leading Southern politicians *to wait* till next March. When Wigfall had filled the old man's head full of the terrors of disunion, he cried out, "Great God! Wigfall, can't you wait till my term is out?" But Wigfall kept up his character by replying that Texas wouldn't wait, not to save forty Presidents! Yet the horrible Wigfall will draw his pay as Senator out of Uncle Sam in December, and will take his seat in the Senate. If he don't, then something dreadful is certainly going to happen——to Wigfall.

The Republicans here talk rather funnily of the proposed secession of the Gulf States. They counsel non-resistance on the part of the United States. "Let them go," is the general sentiment, "and stay out till they get sick of it." I met one man, the other day, calculating enough to build up a hope of a Republican House and Senate upon the expectation that South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi will leave the Union. The moment the cotton States get the idea that the Republicans would rather like to have them secede, there will be an end to the bombastic threats of the Fire-eaters. I verily believe that if it were not for the great class of non-slaveholders now under the cruel heel of the slave-master in the South, a majority of the people of the free States would be in favor of a peaceable separation of the States at this particular time.

The present excitement in the South is a very dangerous one, so far as the slaveholders are concerned. If kept up much longer, it can hardly fail to create wide-spread insurrection in many of the slave States. You remember the trouble which followed the last Presidential contest, when the slave-masters were successful. Risings of the slaves then occurred; and if the secession excitement is added to that of the Presidential struggle, it will make itself felt among the slave population. Peace and quiet is necessary to the safety of the Southern despots; and if they themselves will have agitation, they have only themselves to blame if horrible insurrections follow. Shrewd Southern men already perceive this danger, and are laboring earnestly for a calmer condition of things.

AVON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCXXII. November, 1860. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THIS number of *The Examiner* contains seven papers, of which the following are the titles: 1. Ritual; 2. Rural Taste in North America; 3. Old Faith and New Knowledge; 4. German Hymnology; 5. Lamb and Hood; 6. The World's Need of Woman; 7. Review of Current Literature.

The first of these articles points to the contrast between the habit of the Saxon mind to express itself in written language and that of the Oriental nations to convey their thoughts by symbolic methods, and suggests that in this country the popular indifference to symbols has led to practices in social life and public worship which must ever be offensive to persons of cultivated taste. The writer presents some striking illustrations of his views, and, to a certain extent, commands our sympathy; but, on the whole, it seems to us that the pages devoted to this subject might have been put to a better use.

The second article is a review of Henry Winthrop Sargent's new edition of Downing's work on Landscape Gardening, evidently from the pen of one familiar with the subject.

The third article, which fills no less than fifty pages, is a very able review of the volume lately published in England to explain and defend the "rationalistic" views of the party known as the "Broad Church," and which has led to a fierce controversy in that country. The volume consists of seven essays by as many different writers, all of whom are eminent theologians of the Church of England. Their views of the authority of the Bible and of the principles which should guide us in its interpretation are, if we do not misjudge, substantially the same that were held by Theodore Parker. We perceive that an American edition of the work, under the title of "Recent Inquiries in Theology, by English Churchmen," with an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Hedge, has been published in Boston, by Walker, Wise & Co. The review in *The Examiner* will stimulate the curiosity and the interest of the public in a work which discusses with rare ability some of the most important questions that can engage the attention of the human mind.

The fourth article is a survey of the history of German Hymnology; showing the working out of the idea of the hymn in German hands, and remarking upon some of the brief characteristics of the German hymns.

The fifth article is a review of the Works of Charles Lamb and the Memorials of Thomas Hood, in which the "striking resemblances and marked differences" of these two contributors to the pleasant literature of our time are pointed out, and the private virtues by which each was distinguished are duly recognized. It is a beautiful and appropriate tribute to two men whose memory will ever be fondly cherished by the world.

Article sixth, "The World's Need of Woman," is a review of Mrs. Jameson's works (enforcing the necessity of men and women's working together in beneficent enterprises) and of the Reports of the Rosine Association in Philadelphia. The views it presents are those, substantially, which have been again and again urged upon the public attention by the champions of woman's rights, and which, flouted for a time, are at length admitted, though in a somewhat patronizing spirit, into popular journals and reviews. The writer, who, perhaps, but for the stimulus imparted by Woman's Rights Conventions, might never have devoted an hour to the subject, and who only works over the thoughts which have ever been the staple of discussion in such Conventions, makes these invidious remarks:

> "We do not mean to flout Woman's Conventions altogether, for we believe they originated in honest convictions of duty, though we think they might have done more good, and attained the objects of the best of their authors had they been summoned to consider *duties*, instead of to demand *rights*, making known to each other all social exigencies produced by the imperfect organization of imperfect society. Who would have ridiculed, or could have misrepresented, inquiry into duties? and such a *name* would have precluded the entrance of such women as have disgraced, we think irretrievably, 'Women's Rights Conventions.'"

It is easy for those who come, with dainty and prudent step, into a reform after it has been made in a good degree respectable by the toils and sacrifices of spirits braver than themselves, to disparage the plans and methods of the devoted pioneers, who, it must be confessed, are not infallible; but we think the criticism of this writer is quite unjust, if not unkind. The leaders in what is usually called the Woman's Rights movement did not, in their zeal for *rights*, overlook their *duties*. It was the effort to perform their duties, indeed, that made them sensible of their need of the rights of which women had been so long despoiled, and they commenced their work in the light of their experience and under the guidance of their best instincts. They did just what it was most natural for earnest and noble women to do, who saw what was needed for the elevation of their sex. We do not know to whom the writer refers when he speaks of "such women as have disgraced Women's Rights Conventions," but we cannot see why such bodies, any more than others, should be held to be "irretrievably disgraced" by the occasional intrusion therein of improper persons. Are conventions of men, or even of ministers, held to be "irretrievably disgraced" on this account? We trow not. Very improper men not unfrequently find their way into religious assemblies, and even into pulpits; are we, on this account, required to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and to abandon the pulpit as "irretrievably digraced"? If not, why should we, for no better reason, give up Woman's Rights Conventions?

The "Review of Current Literature," brings into notice some important and valuable works.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY.

AN office, for the sale of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Capital Punishment, Peace, Spiritual and other publications, has been established at No. 15 Steuben street, Albany, N. Y., near the Delavan House. A general assortment of stationery will be kept on hand for sale on the most favorable terms. Subscriptions for *The Liberator*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Anti-Slavery Bugle* (Ohio), *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* and *Herald of Progress*, will be received.

Contributions are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, sustaining Lectures, publishing Tracts for gratuitous distribution, etc., etc.

Donations, Orders for Books and Tracts, and communications relative to anti-slavery and other reform meetings in different parts of the State should be addressed to the general agent,

LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE STANDARD.—RICHARD D. WEBB, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for the purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
3—Nos. 11, 19, 33, 45, 47.
4—Nos. 13, 27, 36, 45.
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7—Nos. 5, 6, 8, 14, 20, 50.
8—Nos. 12, 34, 35, 49, 51.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1 to 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20 to end.
11—Nos. 18, 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 40 to end.
13—Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 20, 26, 41 to end.
14—Nos. 28 to end.
16—No. 29.
17—Nos. 5, 27, 42, 47.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH
National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.
JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, coöperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to ~~neglect~~, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
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TWENTY-FIFTH
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR
AND
NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS Bazaar will be opened in the Saloons of the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, December 11th, and will continue during the following three days. This announcement will be sufficient to secure to the Managers the zealous coöperation of those who, for many successive years, have proved the value of this instrumentality of anti-slavery labor.

To others, who have not had this experience, and who have not hitherto deeply felt the claims of the American anti-slavery enterprise, we appeal for aid, not only in the name of four millions of their fellow-countrymen, deprived, by American statutes, of all the rights of American freemen, but also for the sake of their own imperilled liberty. This anti-slavery question, the agitation of which has been widening and deepening for thirty years, until every village from Maine to Texas feels its influence, is no longer merely the question, Shall the negro slaves of these United States be emancipated? The truth, ever obvious to the moral philosopher, that the enslavers of others become themselves enslaved, is now being demonstrated to this nation. The inestimable blessings which American citizens have held so dear, freedom of speech and of the press, the *habeas corpus*, the right of trial by jury, and, indeed, all the safeguards of American law, are wrested from every man, Northern or Southern, who, upon Southern soil, dares to offend a slaveholding populace by manly utterances in behalf of liberty. The struggle is now for our own civil and political freedom, as well as for the personal freedom of the slaves; and upon all those whose moral susceptibilities take no cognizance of the latter, we urge the consideration of the former. It is by such discipline that nations may learn that the absolute right is the wisest political economy.

A result of our long experience in anti-slavery labor, is confidence to urge on the community the claims of our twenty-fifth Fair. The principles of equitable traffic on which our Fairs are conducted are too well known to need explanation here. From our coadjutors at home and abroad we hope to receive valuable contributions.

Donations in money or articles of merchandise may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee of Arrangements.

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NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE new Series now consists of Nine Tracts, to which we would again call the attention of our readers and of all friends of Anti-Slavery Reform, as just the publications which the times and the cause now require. Call for them—send for them—circulate them.

No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. 5 cents.
No. 2 Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished individuals, viz., De Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, Lafayette, &c. 5 cents.
No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal Slave Insurrections during the last two Centuries. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 5 cents.
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No. 6. The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the West Indies and elsewhere. By L. MARIA CHILD. 10 cents.
No. 7. Testimonies of Capt. John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, with his Address to the Court. 2 cents.
No. 8. The Philosophy of the Abolition Movement. By WENDELL PHILLIPS. 5 cents.
No. 9. The Patriarchal Institution, as described by Members of its Own Family. Compiled by L. MARIA CHILD. 5 cents.

☞ A deduction of fifty per cent. will be made where a dozen or more copies are taken. Gratuitous copies will be sent by mail, for examination, on receiving the postage charge.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; 15 Steuben street, Albany; and 221 Washington street, Boston.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Dedham, Mass., on Tuesday, Nov. 6, LUCILLA PINCKNEY, wife of Edmund Quincy, and daughter of the late Daniel P. Parker of Boston, aged 50 years.

At the risk even of seeming to intrude upon a strictly private grief, we cannot refrain from an expression of our deepest sympathy in the irreparable loss which has thus befallen one who has been so long and so intimately connected with this journal. "Mrs. Quincy," says a friend in a private letter from Boston, "was a woman of very superior mind and fine culture; singularly genuine, simple and real in her manners and habits of thought; frank, independent, unselfish; of rare worth, and especial devotion as a wife and mother; most loved where best known; her sympathy and support were of priceless value to one whose opinions have robbed him of many early friends." All who have ever known her will join in this testimony to the noble traits of character which marked a life so private and unobtrusive that any public allusion to it seems almost intrusive, and is to be pardoned only because of the silent but important influence it has always exercised.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1860

1110	James F. Shores, Portsmouth, N. H. -	$2 00
1093	Peter Eaton, Henniker, " -	1 00
1108	Josiah Divoll, Topsham, Vt. -	2 00
1084	Carlox Moxley, W. Albany, Vt. -	3 00
1064	Charles L. Fiske, Greenfield, Mass. -	8 00
1101	Miss Lydia Andrews, Hingham, " -	2 00
1110	Miss Louisia R. Beal, " " -	2 00
1090	Mechanics Reading Room, Milbury, Mass.	1 00
1114	Mrs. Fratella Young, Reading, "	2 00
1039	R. G. Russell, Milton, "	2 00
1079	N. Brown, Cummington, "	2 00
1104	Isaac W. Roberts, Danver's Port, "	2 00
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1092	Mrs. Cordelia Adams, Hingham, "	2 00
1110	Miss Adaline Whiton, " "	2 00
1114	Mrs. Perlia Billington, Manville, R. I. -	2 00
1114	Miss Mary E. Pierce, E. Greenwich, R. I.	2 00
1114	Gulielma Freeborn, " "	2 00
1088	Miss Sarah M. Clark, " "	1 00
1113	James A. Stetson, Brooklyn, Ct. -	2 00
1093	Joseph Shantz, Stamford, Ct. -	2 00
1089	Wm. Inness, " " -	2 00
1093	Dr. Dyer Hughes, Hampton, Ct. -	2 00
1050	Henry White, Long Ridge, " -	1 00
1071	William Emerson, New York City -	3 00
1040	Miss Susan Williams, " -	2 00
1115	Henry Abell, " -	2 00
1108	Edwin Ferris, " -	2 00
1089	Aaron Williams, " -	1 00
1106	Sarah Marshall, " -	2 00
1086	Geo. W. Taylor, Shirley, N. Y.	4 00
1097	David Irish, Quaker Hill, " -	2 00
1096	Ruth Wing, Pattterson R. R. Depôt, N. Y.	2 00
1109	David W. Cole, Fairfield, "	2 00
870	Whiting Race, Seneca Falls, "	5 00
1092	Marietta Richmond, Claverick, "	2 00
1092	Rufus Reynolds, Mamaroneck, "	2 00
1112	A. Amelia Chapman, Neversink, "	2 00
1067	Charles R. Hosack, Clyde, "	1 00
1084	John G. Denniston, Fallsburgh, "	2 00
1112	David Rose, New Paltz, "	2 00
1089	John Marshall, Kensico, "	2 00
1111	Elizabeth Hicks, Jericho, L. I., "	2 00
1091	Theo. T. Ovington, Brooklyn, L. I., "	2 00
1099	Lucy Stone, North Orange, N. J. -	2 00
1116	Hannah Cloud, E. Marlboro, Pa. -	2 00
	Carrie S. Carver, Rising Sun, Ind. -	4 00
1134	Chessman Miller, Bricksville, O. -	4 00
1066	J. B. Smith, Patmos, " -	5 00
	E. J. Gibbons, Salem, " -	6 00
992	P. P. Winslow, Eolia, Wis. -	1 00
1092	James Richmond, Adel, Iowa -	2 00
1075	S. J. W. Tabor, Independence, Iowa. -	2 00

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Contributions and Pledges at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Joseph Moore	$10 00	Adriana Pugh	50
Robert Lamborn	5 00	Hariot Hood	10
Simon Barnard	10 00	Mabel Pyle	75
Chandler Darlington	10 00	Elizabeth Atkinson	50
Thomas Borton	50	Sarah Webb	1 00
Abner Haines	50	Sophia Moore	50
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John Agnew	5 00	Ann R. Brinton	1 00
Allen Agnew	10 00	M. E. Brinton	1 00
Martha Haines	1 00	Anna Hood	50
A Friend	1 00	E. W. Garrett	1 00
Benjamin Kent	2 00	Salina Dixon	1 00
Samuel Pennock	5 00	Wm. P. Darlington	1 00
T. E. Sickels	1 00	Levi Coates	10 00
Alexander Dixon	1 00	Eusebieus and Sarah	
E. F. Pennypacker	2 00	Barnard	5 00
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Edith Pennock	1 00	Mary P. Wilson	1 00
Martha Clendenen	50	Jane Price	1 00
Joseph Lewis, Jr.	1 00	Benj. Price	1 00
Lizzie A. Speakman	2 50	T. Rulon	25
Wm. Shields	1 00	Cash	50
S. and E. Coates	1 00		
C. Robinson	50	Contributions	$174 15
Thos. E. Longshore	1 00		
J. Hambleton	1 00	*Pledges.*	
John Bernard	1 00	Lucretia Mott	$25 00
Pusey Cloud	2 50	Thomas Garrett	15 00
Mary Taylor	1 00	J. and H. Longshore	10 00
Mary Sickels	5	Robert Purvis	10 00
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Cash	50	Thomas Whitson	6 00
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Thomas Hannum	50	J. and R. Dugdale	2 50
George Corson	10 00	Jesse Pennock	5 00
Elwood Mendenhall	2 00	John M. Braisted	2 00
Thomas Hambleton	1 00	Henry Grew	20 00
Lizzie McFarland	1 00	Mary Grew	5 00
George Atkens	1 00		
E. W. Corson	5 00	Pledges	$135 50
Abner Pugh	2 50		

Special Notices.

CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will be held at New West Grove meeting-house on Saturday, Nov. 24th, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

ESTHER KENT, Sec'y.

MICHIGAN ANNUAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The Second Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for Michigan, will be held at Adrian, commencing on Saturday, November 17th, at 2 o'clock, p. m. All our anniversaries of the present year, whether State or National, have been of the most interesting and encouraging character. Let the friends of the enslaved in Michigan see to it, that theirs shall be no exception; for the slave has no more friends anywhere than in this State.

Among the speakers will be G. B. Stebbins of Ann Arbor, Mrs. Josephine Griffing of Ohio, and Parker Pillsbury of Boston.

Advertisements.

THE ANALYST,
A WEEKLY FAMILY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.
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THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SEE before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the ground,
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen,
Those who once have passed within it never more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer green and flowers.
Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at last;
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to the past.
Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land,
Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown,
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as that dark mist comes sweeping near.
"Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet;
But the sheltered glens are lovely and the rivulet's song is sweet;
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,
From the things I know and love and from the sight of loving eyes."
So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see we tread a rougher way,
Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of withered grass.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer view;
See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers through.
One whose feet the thorns have wounded entered and came back;
With a glory on his footsteps lighting yet the dreary track.
Boldly enter where he entered; all that seems but darkness here,
When thou once hast past beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear.
Seen from that serener realm, the walks of human life may lie
Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine eye.
Haply, from the o'erhanging shadow, thou may'st stretch an unseen hand,
To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all unweeting thou art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of comfort in his ear,
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light.

—*New York Ledger.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"Sir Launcelot! ther thou liest; thou were never matched of none earthly knights hands; thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest."—*La Morte D'Arthur.*

IN the year 1828, there was a young man of eighteen at work upon a farm at Lexington, performing bodily labor to the extent of twenty hours in a day, sometimes, and that for several days together, and at other times studying intensely when work was less pressing. Thirty years after, that same man sat in the richest private library in Boston, working habitually from twelve to seventeen hours a day in severer toil. The interval was crowded with labors, with acquisitions, with reproaches, with victories, with honors; and he who experienced all this died exhausted at the end of it, less than fifty years old, but looking seventy. That man was Theodore Parker.

The time is far distant when, out of a hundred different statements of contemporaries, some calm biographer will extract sufficient materials for a true picture of the man; and, meanwhile, all that each can do is to give fearlessly his own honest impressions, and so tempt others to give theirs. Of the multitude of different photographers, each perchance may catch some one trait, without which the whole portraiture would have remained incomplete; and the time to secure this is now, while his features are fresh in our minds. It is a daring effort, but it needs to be made.

Yet Theodore Parker was so strong and self-sufficing upon his own ground, he needed so little from any other, while giving so freely to all, that one would hardly venture to add anything to the autobiographies he has left, but for the high example he set of fearlessness in dealing with the dead. There may be some whose fame is so ill-established, that one shrinks from speaking of them precisely as one saw them; but this man's place is secure, and that friend best praises him who paints him just as he seemed. To depict him as he *was* must be the work of many men, and no single observer, however intimate, need attempt it.

The first thing that strikes an observer, in listening to the words of public and private feeling elicited by his departure, is the predominance in them all of the sentiment of love. His services, his speculations, his contests, his copious eloquence, his many languages, these come in as secondary things, but the predominant testimony is emotional. Men mourn the friend even more than the warrior. No fragile and lovely girl, fading untimely into heaven, was ever more passionately beloved than this white-haired and world-weary man. As he sat in his library, during his lifetime, he was not only the awakener of a thousand intellects, but the centre of a thousand hearts; he furnished the natural home for every foreign refugee, every hunted slave, every stray thinker, every vexed and sorrowing woman. And never was there one of these who went away uncomforted, and from every part of this broad nation their scattered hands now fling roses upon his grave.

This immense debt of gratitude was not bought by any mere isolated acts of virtue; indeed, it never is so bought; love never is won but by a nobleness which pervades the life. In the midst of his greatest cares, there never was a moment when he was not all too generous of his time, his wisdom, and his money. Borne down by the accumulation of labors, grudging, as a student grudges, the precious hour that, once lost, can never be won back, he yet was always holding himself at the call of some poor criminal at the police office, or some sick girl in a suburban town, not of his recognized parish, perhaps, but longing for the ministry of the only preacher who had touched her soul. Not a mere wholesale reformer, he wore out his life by retailing its great influences to the poorest comer. Not generous in money only—though the readiness of his beneficence in that direction had few equals—he always hastened past that minor bestowal to ask if there was not some other added gift possible, some personal service or correspondence, some life-blood, in short, to be lavished in some other form, to eke out the already liberal donation of dollars.

There is an impression that he was unforgiving. Unforgetting he certainly was; for he had no power of forgetfulness, whether for good or evil. He had none of that convenient oblivion which in softer natures covers sin and saintliness with one common, careless pall. So long as a man persisted in a wrong attitude before God or man, there was no day so laborious or exhausting, no night so long or drowsy, but Theodore Parker's unsleeping memory stood on guard, full-armed, ready to do battle at a moment's warning. This is generally known; but what may not be known so widely is, that, the moment the adversary lowered his spear, were it for only an inch or an instant, that moment Theodore Parker's weapons were down, and his arms open. Make but the slightest concession, give him but the least excuse to love you, and never was there seen such promptness in forgiving. His friends found it sometimes harder to justify his mildness than his severity. I confess that I, with others, have often felt inclined to criticise a certain caustic tone of his in private talk, when the name of an offender was alluded to; but I have also felt almost indignant at his lenient good nature to that very person, let him once show the smallest symptom of contrition, or seek, even in the clumsiest way, or for the most selfish purpose, to disarm his generous antagonist. His forgiveness in such cases was more exuberant than his wrath had ever been.

It is inevitable, in describing him, to characterize his life first by its quantity. He belonged to the true race of the giants of learning; he took in knowledge at every pore, and his desires were insatiable. Not, perhaps, precocious in boyhood—for it is not precocity to begin Latin at ten and Greek at eleven, to enter the Freshman class at twenty, and the professional school at twenty-three—he was equalled by few students in the tremendous rate at which he pursued every study, when once begun. With strong body and great constitutional industry, always acquiring and never forgetting, he was doubtless, at the time of his death, the most variously learned of living Americans, as well as one of the most prolific of orators and writers.

Why did Theodore Parker die? He died prematurely, worn out through this enormous activity—a warning as well as an example. To all appeals for moderation, during the last years of his life, he had but one answer, that he had six generations of long-lived farmers behind him, and had their strength to draw upon. All his physical habits, except in this respect, were unexceptionable: he was abstemious in diet, but not ascetic, kept no unwholesome hours, tried no dangerous experiments, committed no excesses. But there is no man who can habitually study from twelve to seventeen hours a day (his friend Mr. Clarke contracts it to "from six to twelve, but I have Mr. Parker's own statement of the fact), without ultimate self-destruction. Nor was this the practice during his period of health alone, but it was pushed to the last moment: he continued in the pulpit long after a withdrawal was peremptorily prescribed for him; and when forbidden to leave home for lecturing, during the winter of 1858, he straightway prepared the most laborious literary works of his life, for delivery as lectures in the Fraternity Course at Boston.

He worked thus, not from ambition, nor altogether from principle, but from an immense craving for mental labor, which had become second nature to him. His great omniverous, hungry intellect must have constant food, new languages, new statistics, new historical investigations, new scientific discoveries, new systems of Scriptural exegesis. He did not, for a day in the year, nor an hour in the day, make rest a matter of principle, nor did he ever indulge in it as a pleasure, for he knew no enjoyment so great as labor. Wordsworth's "wise passiveness" was utterly foreign to his nature. Had he been a mere student, this had been less destructive. But to take the standard of study of a German Professor, and superadd to that the separate exhaustions of a Sunday preacher, a Lyceum lecturer, a radical leader, and a practical philanthropist, was simply to apply half a dozen distinct suicides to the abbreviation of a single life. And, as his younger companions long since assured him, the tendency of his career was not only to kill himself, but them; for each assumed that he must at least attempt what Theodore Parker accomplished.

It is very certain that his career was much shortened by these enormous labors, and it is not certain that its value was increased in a sufficient ratio to compensate for that evil. He justified his incessant winter-lecturing by the fact that the whole country was his parish, though this was not an adequate excuse. But what right had he to deprive himself even of the accustomed summer respite of ordinary preachers, and waste the golden July hours in studying Sclavonic dialects? No doubt his work in the world was greatly aided both by the fact and the fame of learning, and, as he himself somewhat disdainfully said, the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was a "convenience" in theological discussions; but, after all, his popular power did not mainly depend on his mastery of twenty languages, but of one. Theodore Parker's learning was undoubtedly a valuable possession to the community, but it was not worth the price of Theodore Parker's life.

"Strive constantly to concentrate yourself," said the laborious Goëthe; "never dissipate your powers; incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy." But Theodore Parker's whole endeavor was to multiply his channels, and he exhausted his life in the effort to do all men's work. He was a hard man to relieve, to help, or to coöperate with. Thus the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review" began with quite a promising corps of contributors; but when it appeared that its editor, if left alone, would willingly undertake all the articles—science, history, literature, everything—of course the others yielded to inertia, and dropped away. So, some years later, when some of us met at his room to consult on a cheap series of popular theological works, he himself was so rich in his own private plans, that all the rest were impoverished; nothing could be named but he had been planning just that for years, and should by-and-by get leisure for it, and there really was not enough left to call out the energies of any one else. Not from any petty egotism, but simply from inordinate activity, he stood ready to take all the parts.

In the same way he distanced everybody; every companion-scholar found soon that it was impossible to keep pace with one who was always accumulating, and losing nothing. Most students find it necessary to be constantly forgetting some things to make room for later arrivals; but the peculiarity of his memory was, that he let nothing go. I have more than once heard him give a minute analysis of the contents of some dull book read twenty years before, and have afterwards found the statement correct and exhaustive. His great library—the only private library I have ever seen which reminded one of the Astor—although latterly collected more for public than personal uses, was one which no other man in the nation, probably, had sufficient bibliographical knowledge single-handed to select, and we have very few men capable of fully appreciating its scholarly value, as it stands. It seems as if its possessor, putting all his practical and popular side into his eloquence and action, had indemnified himself by investing all his scholarship in a library of which less than a quarter of the books were in the English language.

All unusual learning, however, brings with it the suspicion of superficiality; and in this country, where, as Mr. Parker himself said, "every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarce one a full meal"—where every one who makes a Latin quotation is styled "a ripe scholar"—it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the true from the counterfeit. It is, however, possible to apply some tests. I remember, for instance, that one of the few undoubted classical scholars, in the old-fashioned sense, whom New England has seen—the late John Glen King of Salem—while speaking with very limited respect of the acquirements of Rufus Choate in this direction, and with utter contempt of those of Daniel Webster, always became enthusiastic on coming to Theodore Parker. "He is the only man," said Mr. King more than once to the writer, "with whom I can sit down, and seriously discuss a disputed reading, and find him familiar with all that has been written upon it." Yet Greek and Latin were only the preliminaries of Mr. Parker's scholarship.

I know, for one—and there are many who will bear the same testimony—that I never went to Mr. Parker to talk over a subject which I had just made a speciality, without finding that on that particular matter he happened to know, without any special investigation, more than I did. This extended beyond books, sometimes stretching into things where his questioner's opportunities for knowledge had seemed considerably greater—as, for instance, in points connected with the habits of our native animals and the phenomena of out-door Nature. Such were his wonderful quickness and his infallible memory, that glimpses of these things did for him the work of years. But, of course, it was in the world of books that this wonderful superiority was chiefly seen, and the following example may serve as one of the most striking among many

It happened to me, some years since, in the course of some historical inquiries, to wish for fuller information in regard to the barbarous feudal codes of the Middle Ages—as the Salic, Burgundian, and Ripuarian—before the time of Charlemagne. The common historians, even Hallam, gave no very satisfactory information, and referred to no very available books; and supposing it to be a matter of which every well-read lawyer would at least know something, I asked help of the most scholarly member of that profession within my reach. He regretted his inability to give me any aid, but referred me to a friend of his, who was soon to visit him, a young man, who was already eminent for legal learning. The friend soon arrived, but owned, with some regret, that he had paid no attention to that particular subject, and did not even know what books to refer to; but he would at least ascertain what they were, and let me know. (N. B. I have never heard from him since.) Stimulated by ill-success, I aimed higher, and struck at the Supreme Bench of a certain State, breaking in on the mighty repose of his Honor with the name of Charlemagne. "Charlemagne?" responded my lord judge, rubbing his burleigh brow—"Charlemagne lived, I think, in the sixth century?" Dismayed, I retreated, with little further inquiry; and sure of one man, at least, to whom law meant also history and literature, I took refuge, with Charles Sumner. That accomplished scholar, himself for once at fault, could only frankly advise me to do at last what I ought to have done at first—to apply to Theodore Parker. I did so. "Go," replied he instantly, "to alcove twenty-four, shelf one hundred and thirteen, of the College Library at Cambridge, and you will find the information you need in a thick quarto, bound in vellum, and lettered 'Potgiesser de Statu Servorum.'" I straightway went for Potgiesser, and found my fortune made. It was one of those patient old German treatises which cost the labor of one man's life to compile, and another's to exhaust; and I had no reason to suppose that any reader had disturbed its repose until that unwearied industry had explored the library.

Amid such multiplicity of details, he must sometimes have made mistakes, and with his great quickness of apprehension he sometimes formed hasty conclusions. But no one has any right to say that his great acquirements were bought by any habitual sacrifice of thoroughness. To say that they sometimes impaired the quality of his thought would, undoubtedly, be more just; and this is a serious charge to bring. Learning is not accumulation, but assimilation; every man's real acquirements must pass into his own organization, and undue or hasty nutrition does no good. The most priceless knowledge is not worth the smallest impairing of the quality of the thinking. The scholar cannot afford, any more than the farmer, to lavish his strength in clearing more land than he can cultivate; and Theodore Parker was compelled, by the natural limits of time and strength, to let vast tracts lie fallow, and to miss something of the natural resources of the soil. One sometimes wishes that he had studied less, and dreamed more—for less encyclopedic information, and more of his own rich brain.

But it was in popularizing thought and knowledge that his great and wonderful power lay. Not an original thinker, in the same sense with Emerson, he yet translated for tens of thousands that which Emerson spoke to hundreds only. No matter who had been heard on any subject, the great mass of intelligent, "progressive" New England thinkers waited to hear the thing summed up by Theodore Parker. This popular interest went far beyond the circle of his avowed sympathizers; he might be a heretic, but nobody could deny that he was a marksman. No matter how well others seemed to have hit the target, his shot was the triumphant one, at last. Thinkers might find no new thought in the new discourse, leaders of action no new plan, yet, after all that had been said and done, his was the statement that told upon the community. He knew this power of his, and had analyzed some of the methods by which he attained it, though, after all, the best part was an unconscious and magnetic faculty. But he early learned, so he once told me, that the New England people dearly loved two things—a philosophical arrangement and a plenty of statistics. To these, therefore, he treated them thoroughly; in some of his "Ten Sermons," the demand made upon the systematizing power of his audience was really formidable; and I have always remembered a certain lecture of his on the Anglo-Saxons as the most wonderful instance that ever came within my knowledge of the adaptation of solid learning to the popular intellect. Nearly two hours of almost unadorned fact—for there was far less than usual of relief and illustration—and yet the lyceum-audience listened to it as if an angel sang to them. So perfect was his sense of purpose and of power, so clear and lucid was his delivery, with such wonderful composure did he lay out, section by section, his historical chart, that he grasped his hearers as absolutely as he grasped his subject; one was compelled to believe that he might read the people the Sanscrit Lexicon, and they would listen with ever fresh delight. Without grace, or beauty, or melody, his mere elocution was sufficient to produce effects which melody, and grace, and beauty might have sighed for in vain. And I always felt that he well described his own eloquence while describing Luther's, in one of the most admirably moulded sentences he ever achieved—"The homely force of Luther, who, in the language of the farm, the shop, the boat, the street or the nursery, told the high truths that reason or religion taught, and took posession of his audience by a storm of speech, then poured upon them all the riches of his brave plebeian soul, baptizing every head anew—a man who with the people seemed more mob than they, and with kings the most imperial man."

Another key to his strong hold upon the popular mind was to be found in his thorough Americanism of training and sympathy. Surcharged with European learning, he yet remained at heart the Lexington farmer's boy, and his whole atmosphere was indigenous, not exotic. Not haunted by any of the distrust and over-criticism which are apt to effeminate the American scholar, he plunged deep into the current of hearty national life around him, loved it, trusted it, believed in it; and the combination of this vital faith with such tremendous criticism of public and private sins formed an irresistible power. He could condemn without crushing—denounce mankind, yet save it from despair. Thus his pulpit became one of the great forces of the nation, like *The New York Tribune*. His printed volumes had but a limited circulation, owing to a defective system of publication, which his friends tried in vain to correct; but the circulation of his phamplet discourses was very great; he issued them faster and faster, latterly often in pairs, and they instantly spread far and wide. Accordingly he found his listeners everywhere; he could not go so far West but his abundant fame had preceded him; his lecture-room in the remotest places was crowded, and his hotel-chamber also, until late at night. Probably there was no private man in the nation, except, perhaps, Beecher and Greeley, whom personal strangers were so eager to see; while from a transatlantic direction he was sought by visitors to whom the two other names were utterly unknown. Learned men from the continent of Europe always found their way, first or last, to Exeter Place; and it is said that Thackeray, on his voyage to this country, declared that the thing in America which he most desired was to hear Theodore Parker talk.

Indeed, his conversational power was so wonderful that no one could go away from a first interview without astonishment and delight. There are those among us, it may be, more brilliant in anecdote or repartee, more eloquent, more profoundly suggestive; but for the outpouring of vast floods of various and delightful information, I believe that he could have had no Anglo-Saxon rival, except Macaulay. And in Mr. Parker's case, at least, there was no alloy of conversational arrogance or impatience of opposition. He monopolized, not because he was ever unwilling to hear others, but because they did not care to hear themselves when he was by. The subject made no difference; he could talk on anything. I was once with him in the society of an intelligent Quaker farmer, when the conversation fell on agriculture: the farmer held his own ably for a time; but long after he was drained dry, our wonderful companion still flowed on exhaustless, with accounts of Nova Scotia ploughing and Tennessee hoeing, and all things rural, ancient and modern, good and bad, till it seemed as if the one amusing and interesting theme in the universe were the farm. But it soon proved that this was only one among his thousand departments, and his hearers felt, as was said of old Fuller, as if he had served his time at every trade in town.

But it must now be owned that these astonishing results were bought by some intellectual sacrifices which his nearer friends do not all recognize, but which posterity will mourn. Such a rate of speed is incompatible with the finest literary execution. A delicate literary ear he might have had, perhaps, but he very seldom stopped to cultivate or even indulge it. This neglect was not produced by his frequent habit of extemporaneous speech alone; for it is a singular fact, that Wendell Phillips, who rarely writes a line, yet contrives to give to his hastiest efforts the air of elaborate preparation, while Theodore Parker's most scholarly performances were still stump speeches. Vigorous, rich, brilliant, copious, they yet seldom afford a sentence which falls in perfect cadence upon the ear; under a show of regular method, they are loose and diffuse, and often have the qualities which he himself attributed to the style of John Quincy Adams—"disorderly, ill-compacted, and homely to a fault." He said of Dr. Channing—"Diffuseness is the old Adam of the pulpit. There are always two ways of hitting the mark—one with a single bullet, the other with a shower of small shot: Dr. Channing chose the latter, as most of our pulpit orators have done." Theodore Parker chose it also.

Perhaps Nature and necessity chose it for him. If not his temperament, at least the circumstances of his position, cut him off from all high literary finish. He created the congregation at the Music Hall, and that congregation, in turn, moulded his whole life. For that great stage his eloquence became inevitably a kind of brilliant scene-painting—large, fresh, profuse, rapid, showy; masses of light and shade, wonderful effects, but farewell forever to all finer touches and delicate gradations! No man can write for posterity, while hastily snatching a half-day from a week's lecturing, during which to prepare a telling Sunday harangue for three thousand people. In the perpetual rush and hurry of his life, he had no time to select, to discriminate, to omit anything, or to mature anything. He had the opportunities, the provocatives, and the drawbacks which make the work and mar the fame of the professional journalist. His intellectual existence, after he left the quiet of West Roxbury, was from hand to mouth. Needing above all men to concentrate himself, he was compelled by his whole position to lead a profuse and miscellaneous life.

All popular orators must necessarily repeat themselves—preachers chiefly among orators, and Theodore Parker chiefly among preachers. The mere frequency of production makes this inevitable—a fact which always makes every finely organized intellect, first or last, grow weary of the pulpit. But in his case there were other compulsions. Every Sunday a quarter part of his vast congregation consisted of persons who had never, or scarcely ever, heard him before, and who might never hear him again. Not one of those visitors must go away, therefore, without hearing the great preacher define his position on every point—not theology alone, but all current events and permanent principles, the Presidential nomination or message, the laws of trade, the laws of Congress, woman's rights, woman's costume, Boston slave kidnappers, and Dr. Banbaby—he must put it all in. His ample discourse must be like an Oriental poem, which begins with the creation of the universe, and includes all subsequent facts incidentally. It is astonishing to look over his published sermons and addresses, and see under how many different names the same stirring speech has been reprinted; new illustrations, new statistics, and all remoulded with such freshness that the hearer had no suspicions, nor the speaker either—and yet the same essential thing. Sunday discourse, lyceum lecture, convention speech, it made no difference, he must cover all the points every time. No matter what theme might be announced, the people got the whole latitude and longitude of Theodore Parker, and that was precisely what they wanted. He, more than any other man among us, broke down the traditional non-committalism of the lecture room, and oxygenated all the lyceums of the land. He thus multiplied his audience very greatly, while perhaps losing to some degree the power of close logic and of addressing a specific statement to a special point. Yet it seemed as if he could easily leave the lancet to others, grant him only the hammer and the forge.

Ah, but the long centuries, where the reading of books is concerned, set aside all considerations of quantity, of popularity, of immediate influence and sternly test by quality alone—judge each author by his most golden sentence, and let all else go. The deeds make the man, but it is the style which makes or dooms the writer. History, which always sends great men in groups, gave us Emerson by whom to test the intellectual qualities of Parker. They coöperated in their work from the beginning, in much the same mutual relation as now; in looking back over the rich volumes of the "Dial," the reader now passes by the contributions of Parker to glean every sentence of Emerson's, but we have the latter's authority for the fact that it was the former's articles which originally sold the numbers. Intellectually, the two men form the complement to each other; it is Parker who reaches the mass of the people, but it is probable that all his writings put together have not had so profound an influence on the intellectual leaders of the nation as the single address of Emerson at Divinity Hall.

And it is difficult not to notice, in that essay in which Theodore Parker ventured on higher intellectual ground, perhaps, than anywhere else in his writings—his critique on Emerson in "The Massachusetts Quarterly"—the indications of this mental disparity. It is in many respects a noble essay, full of fine moral appreciations, bravely generous, admirable in the loyalty of spirit shown towards a superior mind, and all warm with a personal friendship which could find no superior. But so far as literary execution is concerned, the beautiful sentences of Emerson stand out like fragments of carved marble from the rough plaster in which they are imbedded. Nor this alone; but, on drawing near the vestibule of the author's finest thoughts, the critic almost always stops, unable quite to enter their sphere. Subtile beauties puzzle him; the titles of the poems, for instance, giving, by delicate allusion, the key-note of each—as "Astræa," "Mithridates," "Hamatreya," and "Etienne de la Boëce"—seem to him the work of "mere caprice"; he pronounces the poem of "Monadnoc" "poor and weak"; he condemns and satirizes the "Wood-Notes," and thinks that a pine tree which should talk like Mr. Emerson's ought to be cut down and cast into the sea.

The same want of fine discrimination was usually visible in his delineations of great men in public life. Immense in accumulation of details, terrible in the justice which held the balance, they yet left one with the feeling that, after all, the delicate mainsprings of character had been missed. Broad contrasts, heaps of good and evil, almost exaggerated praises, pungent satire, catalogues of sins that seemed pages from some recording angel's book—these were his mighty methods; but for the subtilest analysis, the deepest insight into the mysteries of character, one must look elsewhere. It was still scene painting, not portraiture; and the same thing which overwhelmed with wonder, when heard in the Music Hall, produced a slight sense of insufficiency, when read in print. It was certainly very great in its way, but not in quite the highest way; it was preliminary work, not final; it was Parker's Webster, not Emerson's Swedenborg or Napoleon.

The same thing was often manifested in his criticisms on current events. The broad truths were stated without fear or favor, the finer points passed over, and the special trait of the particular phase sometimes missed. His sermons on the last revivals, for instance, had an enormous circulation, and told with great force upon those who had not been swept into the movement, and even upon some who had been. The difficulty was, that they were just such discourses as he would have preached in the time of Edwards and "the great awakening"; and the point which many thought the one astonishing feature of the new excitement, its almost entire omission of the "terrors of the Lord," the far gentler and more winning type of religion which it displayed, and from which it confessedly drew much of its power, this was entirely ignored in Mr. Parker's sermons. He was too hard at work in combating the evangelical theology to recognize its altered phases. Forging lightning-rods against the tempest, he did not see that the height of the storm had passed by.

These are legitimate criticisms to make on Theodore Parker, for he was large enough to merit them. It is only the loftiest trees of which it occurs to us to remark that they do not touch the sky, and a man must comprise a great deal before we complain of him for not comprising everything. But though the closest scrutiny may sometimes find cases where he failed to see the most subtile and precious truth, it will never discover one where, seeing, he failed to proclaim it, or, proclaiming, failed to give it force and power. He lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston—not quite gracefully, nor yet stately, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, and thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed. Not primarily an administrative nor yet a military mind, he yet exerted a positive control over the whole community around him, by sheer mental and moral strength. He mowed down harvests of evil as in his youth he mowed the grass, and all his hours of study were but whetting the scythe.

And for this great work it was not essential that the blade should have a razor's edge. Grant that Parker was not also Emerson; no matter, he was Parker. If ever a man seemed sent into the world to find a certain position, and found it, he was that man. Occupying a unique sphere of activity, he filled it with such a wealth of success that there is now no one in the nation whom it would not seem an absurdity to nominate for his place. It takes many instruments to complete the orchestra, but the tones of this organ the Music Hall shall never hear again.

One feels, since he is gone, that he made his great qualities seem so natural and inevitable, we forgot that all did not share them. We forgot the scholar's proverbial reproach of timidity and selfishness, in watching him. While he lived, it seemed a matter of course that the greatest acquirements and the heartiest self-devotion should go together. Can we keep our strength without the tonic of his example? How petty it now seems to ask for any fine-drawn subtilties of poet or seer in him who gave his life to the cause of the humblest! Life speaks the loudest. We do not ask what Luther said or wrote, but only what he did; and the name of Theodore Parker will not only long outlive his books, but will last far beyond the special occasions out of which he moulded his grand career.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE TEMPTATION OF MARGUERITE.

A WIND from out the slumb'rous garden, winning
Its way among the roses flushed and low—
Tosses the hanging curtain, pure as snow,
And sends a flickering shadow to and fro—
Where Marguerite sits spinning.

A fair face, set in locks of sunlight splendor—
And eyes, with crystal depths, like mountain springs,
Wherein the virgin heart's imaginings,
In quiet lustre, float like angel things,
And make the mouth smile tender.

That saucy wind, that through the envious curtain
Doth, drunken from his feast of flower, float
Over her drooping tresses, comes to gloat,
Or stir the lily lace about her throat,
With airy touch, uncertain.

Whilst through the silence, with its drowsy bustle,
The merry wheel goes pleasantly about—
The little agile hands go in and out,
And on the old gray cottage-wall without,
The vine-leaves softly rustle.

'Tis nature's dim siesta—lightly swinging
In leafy cradles, sink the birds to sleep;
Only the lizards through the mosses creep;
Which fringe the rustic well-brink, cool and deep,
And still the wheel keeps singing.

A shadow falls athwart the maiden's window—
She does not turn, nor note the slight eclipse—
With folded arms, a figure lightly trips,
And by the lattice stands with leering lips,
And dark-browed as a Hindoo,

A dusky, brilliant face. O, angels! keeping
Your chastened vigils round that precious pearl,
Let not those bad bright eyes destruction whirl
Upon the pure soul of the spinning girl,
And change her smiles to weeping.

The wheel is checked—with vivid blushes lurking
In brow and cheek—down drop the idle hands
To play unconscious with her hair's bright strands,
And he, who at the lattice hidden stands,
Smiles as the spell is working.

O, Marguerite! upon thy knees quick bend thee,
And sing the hymn thy mother taught to thee,
And pray the prayer that at her sainted knee
Thy fresh lips stammered in thine infancy,
For evil thoughts attend thee!

In vain—in vain—with weary eyes down-centered,
Within her heart the flowers of passion blow;
The face is gone, that at the lattice low
Looked in, with nodding plume, a space ago.
The face is gone—ah, would the sin could go
That with the demon entered!

CANNIBALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.—Human flesh was not eaten as food, but as an act of triumph or vengeance. To hint to a New Zealander that his father has been eaten, is an insult unequalled in the English language. All their insulting speeches had reference to cannibalism. The following song, sung by men or women, is an excellent specimen of such compositions. "Oh! my little son, are you crying, are you screaming for your food? Here it is for you: the flesh of Hekemanu and Werata. Although I am surfeited with the soft brains of Putu Rikiriki and Raukauni, yet such is my hatred that I will fill myself fuller with those of Pau, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of the hated Te-ao. Leave as food for me the flesh of my enemy Tikoko. I will shake with greedy teeth the bodies of Huhikaku and of Ueheka. My throat gapes for the brains not yet taken from the skull of Potukeka. In my great hatred I will swallow raw the stinking brains of Taratikitiki. Fill up my distended stomach with the flesh of Tiawha and Tutongha. Is the head of Ruakerepo, indeed, considered sacred? Why it shall be given to me as a pot for boiling shell-fish at Kanau."—*Dr. Thompson.*

TRIFLES.

NOTHING so small that God has made
But has its destined end;
All in their turn His purpose serve—
All to His glory tend.

The grain of dust, to sight unseen,
With myriads may combine
To form a bulwark to the sea,
Its limits to confine.

The little drop of pearly dew
Which on the blue-bell lies,
May, in the sun's bright beams, appear
A rainbow in the skies;

Or else the trackless ocean main,
With others, form to share,
On which the ship, when homeward bound,
Some loving heart shall bear.

And thus the humblest of us all
God's instrument may prove,
To bless and shed o'er fellow-men
The bounty of His love!

—*Chambers's Journal.*

Foreign Gleanings.

MOST of our readers will be surprised to hear that a Greek illustrated newspaper is published in London, and has reached its thirteenth number. It is printed on good paper, in fine Greek type, and is intended, we suppose, to help on the general movement which agitates the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. We cannot conceive how the proprietors can find readers, or rather buyers, to support the great expense of such an undertaking. We are told that it has a considerable sale at the Universities, whose members are, no doubt, amused to find the trivial events of the day chronicled in a language which is associated in their minds with all that is ancient and learned.

LORD NELSON A HEATHEN IDOL.—Among the Acul mountains there has been found, in an old house, a bust of Lord Nelson. It is of white marble, somewhat stained by time and neglect. Nelson is represented in his costume of admiral, and bears on his breast five decorations. One in commemoration of the battle of Aboukir, has the inscription, "Rear Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile." Another medal bears the words, "Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's glory." This bust, interesting in its artistic and historical associations, was found on an altar devoted to fetish worship, where for half a century it has been reverenced as the Deity of the Mountain Streams. The names of the sculptors were Coale and Lealy, of Lambeth. Thus for fifty years the bust of an English admiral has been worshipped as a heathen idol. The finder of the statue has refused an offer of five hundred dollars for it.

LADY HUNTINGDON.—Beneath the roof of the Countess of Huntingdon all kinds of people were readily welcomed—the religious and the irreligious. Christian preachers, wits, scholars, and infidels; she was never afraid to bring those who differed from each other together, nor would she permit any prejudice of her own to interfere with a friendly relationship towards those who held opposite opinions. Whitfield and Bolingbroke, Watts and Chesterfield, Doddridge and Gibbon, Gifford and Shuter, Gill and Fox, met in her saloon and shared her correspondence. She interested herself in obtaining from King George II., free toleration from the magistrates, some of whom would have "put down" the Methodists, and she recovered the fines which Sir W. W. Wynne had imposed on those who attended a field preacher.—*Ladies' Treasury.*

SINGING A HYMN AT A FUNERAL.—An extraordinary charge was brought a few days back by a clergyman against two of his parishioners, and made the subject of a magesterial investigation, at Smallborough, in Norfolk. It appeared that the child of one of the defendants died unbaptized, and the clergyman, the Rev. E. P. Neale, declared he could not say the burial service over it because it was not baptized. The persons who attended the funeral prayed outside the consecrated ground, a proceeding which the clergyman thought quite legal, but they sung a hymn on the consecrated territory, which he insisted was quite illegal. He in consequence brought his parishioners before the magistrates, and they appear to have agreed with Mr. Neale, for they fined each person a shilling and thirteen shillings cost. The defendants were ably represented by Mr. Tillett, of Norwich, and this gentleman gave notice of an appeal to the quarter sessions against the decision of the bench. The law under which the fine is inflicted was a recent Act passed to prevent the disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East.

FEAR AND COURAGE.—I remember reading somewhere about Queen Elizabeth, that "her soul was incapable of fear." The statement is false and absurd. You may regard fear as unmanly and unworthy; you may repress the manifestations of it; but the state of mind which (in beings not properly monstrous or defective) follows the perception of being in danger, is fear. As surely as the perception of light is sight, so surely is the perception of danger fear. And for a man to say that his soul is incapable of fear, is just as absurd as to say that from a peculiarity of constitution, when dipped in water, he does not get wet. You, human being, whoever you may be, when you are placed in danger, and know you are placed in danger, and reflect on the fact, you feel afraid. Don't vapour, and say no; we know how the mental machine *must* work, unless it be diseased. Now, the thoughtful man admits all this: he admits that a bullet through his brain would be a very serious thing for himself, and likewise for his wife and children; he admits that he shrinks from such a prospect; he will take pains to protect himself from the risk; but he says that if duty requires him to run the risk he will run it. *This* is the courage of the civilized man, as opposed to the blind, bull-dog insensibility of the savage. *This* is courage—to know the existence of danger, but to face it nevertheless.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

MR. EDWIN JAMES ON THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONS.—Mr. Edwin James, in a letter to *The Times*, bears testimony to the truthfulness of Lord Llanover's description of the Prefettura, Santa Maria, Apparante, Castle of St. Elmo, and the Castle of Ischia. He adds, from personal observation: "The Vicaria, Procida and Castle Ovo, are not one jot inferior, in horror and misery to the unhappy inmates, to those which his lordship has so vividly portrayed. The appearance of the dungeons spoke for themselves, and the information we with difficulty obtained of the mode of treatment of the inmates may be credited, as we had to extract the truth from men rather anxious to conceal it than prompt or eager to color and exaggerate. In one instance, at Ischia, they refused to show us the prison of the political prisoners, and asserted that the jailor had gone into the interior of the island with the keys. We declined to leave the fortress until we had seen them, and in half an hour both authorities and keys appeared. I will not linger in detail over the cruelties of the Bourbon who has lost his throne. In one dungeon in the fortress of Ischia, a young Sicilian noble passed eleven years of his existence, and beneath a small aperture which formed the window, and into which the spray from the waves ceaselessly dashed, he had carved in the rock these words; '1849, 1860. Reo senza delitto.' This touching expression of his wild despair was, I thought, but the history of thousands who have been immured in similar dungeons, and were equally "guilty without crime.'"

SHERIDAN AND THE STORY-TELLER.—Those who are in the habit of telling prodigious stories *ought* to have good memories; but, fortunately, for the world, their memories are generally short ones. Sheridan used to deal with these mendacious pests in a manner peculiar to himself. He would never allow himself to be outdone by a verbal prodigy; whenever a monstrous story was told in his presence, he would outdo it by one of his own coinage, and put the narrator to the blush by a falsehood more glaring than his own. A gentleman in his hearing once related a sporting adventure. "I was fishing one day, in a certain cold spring full of delicious trout, and soon caught a large mess. But, what was really surprising, not a foot from the cold spring there was one of boiling water, so that when you wanted to cook your fish, all you had to do, after hooking them from the cold spring, was to pop them directly into the boiling." The company all expressed astonishment and incredulity at this monstrous assertion, with the exception of Sheridan. "I know," said he, "of a phenomenon yet more surprising. *I* was fishing one day, when I came to a place where there were *three* springs. The first was a cold one stocked with fish, the second a boiling spring, and the third a natural fountain of melted butter and parsley." "Melted butter and parsley!" exclaimed the first story-teller; "impossible!" "I beg your pardon," said Sheridan coolly, "I believed your story, sir—you are bound to believe mine." "Another incident occurred to me," continued the gentleman. "I was out shooting once, and spied a brace of birds. I was out of shot: but I threw the ramrod into the barrel of my gun, fired, and brought down both birds." "A more singular occurrence happened to me" retorted Sheridan. "I had promised a friend of mine in London half a dozen partridges for dinner on a particular day. I had forgotten my agreement, when I heard the distant horn of the stage coach which was to take my game to London. I rushed into my preserve, and in the hurry of the moment forgot my shot, and left my iron ramrod in my gun-barrel. I fired at a covey of partridges, killed six, threw them into a hamper, and gave them to the coachman. There was the game not only killed, but actually spitted." This audacious narrative effectually silenced the story-teller.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.—A woman who does not love flowers suffers a great want in her supplies of healthy and natural enjoyment. How could the poet Milton, when he pictured woman in her highest state of excellence, have employed our mother Eve, had he made her indifferent to the beauty of the plants of Paradise, or negligent of the flowers which bloomed around her? Still, I must acknowledge that there is to many minds something the reverse of attractive in the first aspect of the study of botany, as it is first presented to our attention. In this I am supported by one of the most gifted of modern authors, when he speaks of the "ponderous nomenclature" of botany, having frightened many a youthful student back from the portals of this study. There are many persons now advanced in life, who deeply regret their want of what is called a taste for botany, when the fault has not been in their natural taste so much as in the form under which this study was introduced to their notice in youth; and thus they have been shut out through the whole of life from the pleasure of expatiating in a field as boundless in its extent as inexhaustible in its attractions. These difficulties, however, are not insurmountable to all; and youth is unquestionably the season for forming an intimate acquaintance with this, the loveliest aspect of nature, so that, in after life, when duties are more imperative and occupations more serious, and there is consequently less time for minute investigation, every flower and every plant may be met as a member of a well-known family, and as such, bear somewhat of the character of a familiar friend. It is the same with every part of the creation, whether natural history, or botany, or geology, have occupied our attention, or chemistry, or electricity, that great mystery of the visible world, whose all-powerful agency the most sublime as well as the most insignificant phenomena of nature are daily and hourly tending to develop—an early and intimate acquaintance with each and all of these, must so far enlighten and enlarge the mind—as to lead our thoughts beyond the narrow limits of material existence, up to that higher region of wonder and of love, where to behold is to admire, and to feel is to adore.—*The Scrap Book.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON ON HORSEBACK.—When Mr. Thrale removed to Streatham, they persuaded Johnson to leave Bolt court, and to live with them almost wholly at Streatham, "where," says Mrs. Thrale, "I undertook the care of his health, and had the honor and happiness of contributing to its restoration." Nothing ought to be more satisfactory to the rich than the power they have of giving ease, cheerfulness, and even the sources of health to the educated poor. The great, the excellent, but the disagreeable Johnson owned to Goldsmith that he owed his recovery to Mrs. Thrale's attentions. He delighted in carriage exercise. At Streatham there was a coach at his service. When Mrs. Piozzi asked him why he doated on a coach so, he answered that, "in the first place, the company were shut in with him there, and could not escape as out of a room; and in the next place, he heard all that was said in the carriage." Riding, on the contrary, seemed to give him little pleasure. It neither raised his spirits, nor did he otherwise derive that benefit from it that it generally confers. He was heard to relate how he had once fallen asleep on horseback when performing a journey in that manner. Yet, notwithstanding this distaste, he was occasionally persuaded to hunt by his friend Mr. Thrale, and would then display no want of courage, leaping and even breaking through hedges, and this, as he himself stated, from no excess of eagerness in the chase, but merely to avoid the trouble of mounting and dismounting. Boswell's statement that he once hunted would lead us to infer that it was more an occasional than an habitual practice; and on this subject he has himself said, "I have now learned by hunting to perceive that it is no diversion at all, nor ever takes a man out of himself for a moment; the dogs have less sagacity than I could have prevailed on myself to suppose, and the gentlemen often called out to me not to ride over them. It is very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us to call hunting one of them." And yet he was said to have been proud of being called a sportsman; and Mrs. Piozzi declares he was never so much gratified by praise as when once upon the Brighton Downs Mr. Hamilton exclaimed, "Why, Johnson rides as well, for aught I see, as the most illiterate fellow." He would ride Mr. Thrale's old hunter very presentably, and would follow the hounds for fifty miles on end, at times, without allowing that he was either amused or fatigued. What a change must all this have been to a man whose relaxation had been a tavern; whose home was either a den in the Temple or a dungeon in Bolt court; who was in the habit of staying out till two every morning, and coming down the next day unbrushed, perhaps unwashed, sometimes unfed, and always sick at heart and ill at ease.—*The Queens of Society.*

NOTES FROM THE LEBANON.—The following are some details respecting the natural history of this part of Syria, at present attracting so much interest. Wheat, barley, maize, lentils and peas are produced, but not in sufficient quantities for more than seven or eight months' consumption; and the deficit has to be made up by imports. Potatoes would succeed very well, but only small quantities are planted, and the crops are generally sold to Europeans; the population, with that horror for innovation for which they are remarkable, prefer, to potatoes, the beans of Egypt, of which they make wretched bread, and which they have always used. In the lowlands, and especially those in the direction from Beyrout to Seyde, large quantities of oil, grapes, figs, almonds and nuts are produced. Most of these fruits, however are far from equalling those of Europe; they are, in fact, little better than the wild ones of the West, and the Orientals eat them before they are ripe. The apricots, grapes and figs are good, especially the sort of the latter called Beyrouth. The town of that name and its neighborhood are infested with large bats, which commit at night much damage. The cactus plant grows largely in Syria, but the inhabitants have not had the idea of turning it to account in breeding cochineal. They content themselves with using it to make hedges and gathering the fruit. Pine trees flourish in the country, and the Persian lilac is planted in avenues, and much esteemed; but, except these two, all shrubs are plucked up to make room for mulberry trees. The mulberry justifies the preference shown for it; in addition to feeding silk-worms on the leaves in spring, its branches supply fuel; its bark serves the purposes for which willow is employed in other countries; the second crop of leaves feeds cattle, and its wood is used by carpenters. The pasture grounds in the upper part of the mountain are good, but not extensive, and consequently the production of oxen is limited. Every year 30,000 or 40,000 sheep are imported from Mesopotamia, and fattened on mulberry leaves. Camels are obtained from the Arabs of the Desert; asses, mules, and common horses from the isle of Cyprus; oxen and goats are bred in the country. There is not much game in the Lebanon, owing to the destructive manner in which sporting is carried on. The chiefs of the mountain employ falcons to catch partridges, but the common mode is to tempt the birds to certain spots by spreading grain, and then to surprise them. The ounce, hyena, wolf, fox, gazelle, bear, wild goat, wild boar, and very large porcupines, are the wild or savage animals found in the country. In the Lebanon there is a great quantity of fossil coal, but it contains so much sulphuric acid as to be only fit for large manufactories. Iron is abundant, and several mines are worked, but, unfortunately, in an imperfect and very expensive manner. The iron, however, obtained, is preferred to foreign on account of its malleability. It is said that mines of gold, silver and copper also exist in the country.

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